

WILLIAM BOOTH. FOUNDER.

GENERAL BRAMWELL BOOTH

# The WAR CRY

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS.  
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST.  
LONDON. E.C.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE

CHRIST FOR THE WORLD.

SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA EAST

NEW FOUNDLAND & BERMUDA

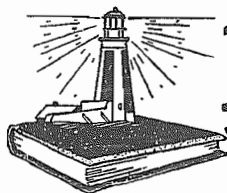
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TORONTO 2, JULY 30th, 1927

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner





# Rays from the Lighthouse

THY WORD IS A LAMP

## "WIT'S END CORNER"

"They . . . are at their wit's end."—Psalm 107:27.

Are you standing at "Wit's End Corner,"

Christian, with troubled brow?  
Are you thinking of what is before you,  
And all you are bearing now?  
Does all the world seem against you,  
And you in the battle alone?  
Remember, at "Wit's End Corner"  
Is just where God's power is shown.

## HOW TO AVOID WORRY

A RECIPE FOR PERPETUAL SUNSHINE

**BILLY BRAY**, the Cornish miner, whose rugged piety has been a blessing to so many of God's children, gives much instruction in his quaint way as to how to treat the temptations of Satan.

He says that one day when he was a little downhearted he stood upon

just throw yourself down there. That is your way home; but I am going to my home in a different direction."

Another time his crop of potatoes turned out poorly; and as he was digging them in the Fall Satan was at his elbow and said: "There, Billy, isn't that poor pay for serving your Father the way you have all the year? Just see those small potatoes." He stopped hoeing and replied: "Ah, Satan, at it again—talking against my Father, bless His Name! Why, when I served you I didn't get any potatoes at all. What are you talking against Father for?" And on he went hoeing and praising the Lord for small potatoes. There are many people to-day who would be freed from a great deal of trouble and worry if, like Billy Bray, they would only count their blessings and thank God for His goodness and all He has done for them.

## THE MASTER POET

Aspirations of a Hindu

Life of my Life, I shall ever try to keep my body pure, knowing that Thy living touch is upon all my limbs.

I shall ever try to keep all untruth out of my thoughts, knowing that it is Thy truth which has kindled the light of reason in my mind.

I shall ever try to drive all evils away from my heart and keep my life in flower, knowing that Thou hast Thy seat in the inmost shrine of my heart.

And it shall be my endeavor to reveal Thee in my actions, knowing it is Thy power to give me strength to do.

My song hath put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union; they would come between Thee and me. Their jingling would drown Thy whispers.

My poet's vanity dies in shame before Thy sight. O, Master Poet, I have sat at Thy feet. Only let me make my life simple and straight like a flute of reed, for Thee to fill with music.

—Tagore.

## A FACE LIKE A BENEDICTION

Own, if you can, one of those welcome faces  
That bring the sunshine to life's shadowed places

Suppose you were asked the question: "How much is a smile worth?" you might find it rather difficult to reply. A jury recently decided that, in the case of a young girl who was injured by being knocked down by a motor car, and thus lost the power to smile, the owner of the car must pay her \$25,000.

That jury was wise. The loss of the power to smile might mean even more than this large sum. If you could not smile again throughout life, what might it not mean? Think it out.

One of the characters described by Cervantes in "Don Quixote" is said to have had a face like a benediction. What kind of face do you carry?

Are you standing at "Wit's End Corner,"

Blinded with wearying pain,  
Feeling you cannot endure it,  
You cannot bear the strain,  
Bruised through the constant suffering,  
Dizzy, and dazed, and numb?  
Remember—at "Wit's End Corner"  
Is where Jesus loves to come!

Are you standing at "Wit's End Corner,"

Your work before you spread,  
All lying, begun, unfinished  
And pressing on heart and head,  
Longing for strength to do it,  
Stretching out trembling hands?  
Remember—at "Wit's End Corner"  
The Burden-Bearer stands.

Are you standing at "Wit's End Corner,"

Yearning for those you love,  
Longing and praying and watching,  
Pleading their cause above,  
Trying to lead them to Jesus,  
Wondering if you've been true?  
He whispers at "Wit's End Corner,"  
"I'll win them as I won you!"

Are you standing at "Wit's End Corner?"

Then you're just in the very spot  
To learn the wondrous resources  
Of Him who faileth not.  
No doubt to a brighter pathway  
Your footsteps will soon be moved,  
But only at "Wit's End Corner"  
Is "The God who is able" proved!  
Hughes Fawcett.

## MASTER OR MASTERED?

A Hindu Proverb says: "Of thy unspoken word thou art master, thy spoken word is master of thee." How little any of us realize the power of words.

The mouth is a crater which sends forth a more deadly lava than that which entombed Herculaneum and Pompeii.

In a multitude of words there wanteth not sin. Speech is silver, silence is golden. The unbridled tongue is a venomous beast.

The Chinese say that "A word rashly spoken cannot be brought back with a chariot of four horses."

the brink of a coal-pit, and some one seemed to say, "Now, Billy, just throw yourself down there and be rid of all your trouble." He knew in a minute who it was, and, drawing back, said: "Oh, no, Satan; you can

## THE FAMILY CIRCLE

To assist in the promotion of Christian fellowship at the evening family circle, we suggest the use of the Bible portions and comments here given. Any converted member of the family should audibly read the portions after the meal is finished, and before the members disperse for the pursuits of the evening.

Sunday, July 31st—Daniel 10:10-21.

For three whole weeks Daniel had fasted and prayed, and the angel brought him this comforting message. He might have felt discouraged at God's seeming indifference to his petitions, yet the answer had been on the way from the very day he had begun to pray. Let us guard against the impatience which considers prayer unheard or unheeded, before God has had time to answer it in the way He sees best.

Monday, August 1st—Daniel 12:1-13.

"Learn that the flame of the Everlasting love doth burn ere it transforms."—Newman.  
"Prolonged and severe is the testing Till thy heart would almost despair; By lesser tests lesser things are proved, But thou art the gold of His care; And He knows all the testing and proving too, In His strength thou canst suffer and bear."

Tuesday, August 2nd—Psalms 69:

1-17.  
How definite the Psalmist is! He does not merely ask for "a blessing," but describes his circumstances, and states his need. God is our Heavenly Father, knowing and caring for us each. Prayer, therefore, should be a telling out to Him our real desire and needs, expecting to receive from Him a definite answer to our requests.

Wednesday, August 3rd—Psalms 69:

14-26.  
This is one of the Psalms which

portray the sufferings of the Saviour, who was "tempted in all points like as we are." In Gethsemane He asked the disciples to watch with Him, but they slept. Are you sorrowful and lonely to-day? The Saviour has been through the same experience, and knows just how you feel. Let Him comfort you, and you will be able to comfort others.

Thursday, August 4th—Psalms 70: 1-5.

Oh, for more praise in our lives! Let us take every opportunity we have to-day of praising God. Let there be outward expressions of thankfulness—don't be afraid of saying "Hallelujah!" And all the time may a song of praise be rising in our hearts as we think of God's mercies!

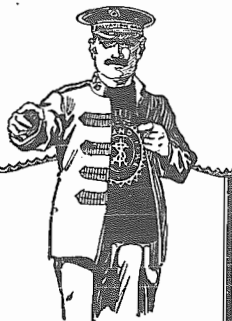
"To praise Him is to serve Him, and fulfill, Doing and suffering. His unquestioned will."

Friday, August 5th—Psalms 71:1-14.

Never to lose hope, either for yourself or for others, will make life easier for you, and carry you over difficult places. "Thou art my hope, O Lord God" (v. 5), said the Psalmist. If his hope had been in man, he might have been disappointed, but God never fails. Faith, hope, and love are the great Christian virtues: let us cultivate all three.

Saturday, August 6th—Psalms 71: 15-24.

There are things which can only be learned while we are young, when the mind is supple and knowledge easy to acquire. Whilst God shows His goodness in saving sinners of every age, yet there are advantages of character and experience which come only to those who enter His service in youth. What a privilege to have God's teaching and guidance from our earliest days!



## BLUNT TRUTHS

Physical and moral courage are not always found under one coat.

A man may face a whole company of physical enemies alone unflinchingly, and afterwards be too weak to kneel and pray in the presence of only one.

A man need never be ashamed to do right.

Say "No" with emphasis, 'twill save a peck of questions.

Don't believe that because a man stands firm for his principles of religion and truth that he is crazy.

The pluckiest are not often the noisiest.

Conscience makes cowards of us all.

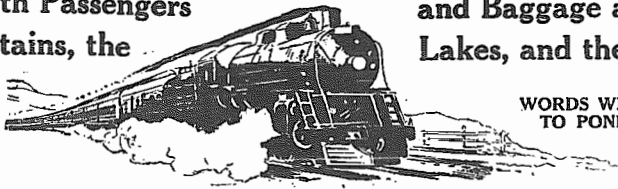
# THE SINS OF SUMMER RESORTS

Trains Laden with Passengers  
to the Mountains, the

and Baggage are on Their Way  
Lakes, and the Seashore.

HERE ARE SOME PLAIN  
MAKERS WILL DO WELL

WORDS WHICH ALL SUCH HOLIDAY-  
TO PONDER OVER AS THEY RIDE



WE ARE at a season of the year when trains are being laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the sea-shore. Multitudes of our citizens are packing their trunks for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sun-stroke. Hotels are all a buzz with excited arrivals. The crystal-like surfaces of lakes are shattered with the stroke of steamers laden with excursionists.

## Holidays Necessary

Glad are we that fagged-out Canadian life, for the most part, will have an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda: Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the Church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so his own daughter tells us—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles: "Come ye apart awhile into the desert, and rest yourselves."

## Stark Dead

But this truth has to be declared to-day, that some of our Summer resorts on this and other continents are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number"; and with the prospect of the departure of many for the country, a warning, plain, earnest, and unmistakable, must be uttered.

The first temptation that is apt to assert itself in this direction, is to leave your pety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the popular watering-places. It is often the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions.

The toughest thing that many people ever tried to do was to be good at watering-places. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh, and the devil." There are Christians who, in a few weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended!

Take your Bible in private devotion every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Let

your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the waters of the ocean, the lake, or the mineral springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last Summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule for Heaven.

Another temptation hovering around many popular watering-places, is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse; but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse-race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and we may take it that he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder.

Horse-races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. It is called a "Summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "Agricultural Fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these

"The temptation will be to leave your pety at home in a room with the blinds down and the door bolted."

"The horse-race is not of such importance as the human race."

"People, usually very cautious about their health, mingle ice-creams and lemons and lobster-salads and 'hot dogs' until the gastric juices lift up their voices of lamentation."

"Those who form hasty and life-long alliances amid the fantastic influences of vacation-places go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. You might as well go among the gaily-painted yachts at a Summer regatta to find war vessels."

"The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly."

"There is more pestiferous trash read in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women . . . are found reading books, the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was."

"Do not let the frogs and lice of a corrupt printing press jump into your holiday trunk."

cuperate the physical health; and yet how many come from the watering-places, their health absolutely destroyed. Families accustomed to going to bed between ten and eleven o'clock at night, gossiping until one or two o'clock in the morning. People, usually very cautious about their health, mingling ice-creams and lemons and lobster-salads and "hot-dogs" until the gastric juices lift up all their voices of lamentation and protest. Delicate women and brainless young men dancing themselves into vertigo and catalepsy. Thou-

Spectator says: "I will bet on the white horse." The white horse of honor a little way ahead. The black horse of ruin, Satan mounted, all the time gaining on him. Spectators breathless. Put on the lash. Dig in the spurs. There! They are past the stand. Sure. Just as expected. The black horse of ruin has won the race, and all the galleries of darkness "huzza! huzzal!" and the devils come in to pick up their wagers. Have nothing to do with horse-racing dissipations.

Another temptation that hovers over the holiday places is the temptation to sacrifice physical strength. The modern Bethesda, like the Bethesda of the Biblical story, was intended to re-

exhausted. You conquetted with your good health in the Summer-time, and your good health is conquetting with you in the Winter-time. A fragment of Paul's charge to the jailer would be an appropriate inscription for the hotel register in every watering-place: "Do thyself no harm."

Another temptation hovering around the watering-places is to the formation of hasty and life-long alliances. The vacation-places are responsible for more domestic infelicities than all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances, go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize.

## Glitter and Splash

In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ball room, where the music decides the step, and bow and prance makes up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gaily-painted yachts at a Summer regatta to find war vessels, as to go among the light spray of the Summer watering-place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. Ah, in the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than one made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. Beware how you make life-long covenants.

Another temptation that will hover over the Summer resort is that of baneful literature. Almost everyone starting off for the Summer takes some reading matter. It is a book out of the library, or off the bookstand, or bought off the boy hawking books through the cars. Surely there is more pestiferous trash read in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year.

Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible, are found reading books, the index of

which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation."

Yes. There is no need that you take along in your trunk a book on "Metaphysics," or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good.

You might as well say: "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables, I will, for a little while, take lighter food—a little strychnine and a few grains of arsenic. Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs and the lice of a corrupt printing-press jump and crawl into your holiday trunk or valise. Would it not be an awful thing for

(Continued on page 13)

## See that Your Friends Read this Outspoken Article

deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same vagabondage, and the same abominations. There is the mingling with gamblers, and libertines, and foul-mouthed men and flashy women. The bar-tender stirs up the brandy mash. The bets run high. The greenhorns, supposing all is fair, put in their money, soon enough to lose it. Men looking on see only two horses with two riders flying around the ring; but there is many a man on that stand whose honor and domestic happiness and fortune are in the ring. Neck and neck they go in at that moral Epson. White horse of honor; black horse of ruin. Death says: "I will bet on the black horse."

sands of men and women coming back from their vacation with the foundation laid for ailment; that will last them all their life long.

In the Summer, you say to your good health: "Goodbye; I am going to have a gay time now for a little while; I will be very glad to see you again in the Autumn." Then in the Autumn, when you are hard at work in your office, or store, or shop, or counting room, Good Health will come in and say: "Goodbye; I am going." You say: "Where are you going?" "Oh," says Good Health, "I am going to take a vacation." It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and your good health will leave you choleric and splenetic and



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## Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

### Promotions:—

To be Commandant:

Adjutant Frank Ham, Peterboro.  
Adjutant Randall Speller, Yorkville.

Adjutant Jas. Barclay, Oshawa

### Appointments:

Commandant O'Neil, London IV.  
Commandant and Mrs. Johnston, Owen Sound.  
Commandant and Mrs. Jordan, Saint John I.  
Commandant and Mrs. Woolfrey, St. John III.  
Commandant and Mrs. Condie, Kitchener.

Commandant and Mrs. Poole, North Bay.  
Adjutant and Mrs. Crowe, Toronto I.  
Adjutant and Mrs. Lax, West Toronto.  
Adjutant Mabb, Listowel.  
Adjutant Webster, Petrolia.  
Adjutant and Mrs. Kitson, Woodstock, Ont.

Adjutant and Mrs. Chapman, Charlotte Town, P.E.  
Adjutant and Mrs. Andrew Martin, Danforth.

Adjutant and Mrs. Boshier, Halifax I.  
Adjutant and Mrs. Stevens, New Glasgow.

Adjutant and Mrs. Harrison, Ridgeway.  
Adjutant and Mrs. Miller, Truro.  
Adjutant Bird, Windsor II.

Adjutant and Mrs. Lax, West Toronto.  
Ensign Mabel Scott, Wyehwood.  
Ensign Mrs. Kettle, Lisgar Street.

Ensign Cavellier, Oakville.  
Ensign Millard, Sussex.  
Ensign J. Danby, Woodstock, N.B.

Ensign and Mrs. Laxman, Sherbrooke.  
Ensign and Mrs. Carson, Trenton.  
Ensign and Mrs. Hart, Montreal II.

Ensign and Mrs. Pollock, Colborne.  
Ensign Page, Parliament Street.  
Ensign and Mrs. North, Toronto.

Ensign Mrs. Scott, Tadmor.  
Ensign Lightowler, Woodbine.  
Ensign B. Clague, New Bedford.

Ensign M. Bridge, North Sydney.  
Ensign and Mrs. Kirkby, Windsor, N.S.  
Ensign Ida Leach, Yarmouth.

Ensign McDougall, Ottawa II.  
Ensign Margaret Johnson, Hamilton V.  
Ensign Florence, Toronto, Hamilton V.

Ensign Hickling, Windsor III.  
Ensign Richardson, Windsor III.  
Ensign and Mrs. Laxman, Sault Ste. Marie II.

Ensign and Mrs. Bond, Timmins.  
Ensign Greuter, New Bedford.  
Ensign Evans, London IV.

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Captain and Mrs. Green, Brock Avenue.  
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Captain G. Piffrey, Long Branch.  
Captain G. Lush, New Bedford.  
Captain and Mrs. Evenden, Mount Dennis.

Captain and Mrs. Clarke, N. W. Market.  
Captain and Mrs. Calvert, Oakville.  
Captain V. Greenishield, Orangeville.

Captain and Mrs. Rowntree.  
Captain H. Hill, Seagrave Plains.  
Captain Gladys, Park, Kansas.

Captain Hiltz, Georgetown.  
Captain Lemmox, Lisgar Street.  
Captain G. Lutz, New Bedford.

Captain L. Danby, Goderich.  
Captain Ethel Maxwell, Hamilton I.  
Captain and Mrs. Gordon, London III.

Captain Wilder, Mount Forest.  
Captain Baker, St. Marys.  
Captain McMillan, New Bedford.

Captain Kinnison, Tillsonburg.  
Captain Chatterton, Warton.  
Captain and Mrs. Humphreys, Aulbert.

Captain P. Peyton, Campbellton, N.B.  
Captain and Mrs. Chatham, N.B.  
Captain and Mrs. Burrows, New Bedford.

Captain A. Davis, Newcastle.  
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Captain and Mrs. Brock, N.B.

Captain Ross, Prescott.  
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Captain and Mrs. Bump, Brockville.

**WILLIAM MAXWELL,**  
Lieut.-Commissioner.

# NEWFOUNDLAND'S FORTIETH!

Victorious Continuation of Congress Gatherings

led by

## THE COMMISSIONER

HALLOWED SEASONS IN ST. JOHN'S

### Heavenly Breezes Bring Spiritual Refreshing

The cabled message from St. John's which appears below, and which was despatched in the midst of Newfoundland's Fortieth Annual Congress, gives unmistakable indication, in its brief yet significant phrases, that the windows of Heaven have been opened wide and blessings have been showered down upon our comrades of the Sea Girt Isle in gloriously abundant measure.

Following his busy days in the capital, the Commissioner was programmed to visit Bishop's Falls, to conduct a Congress gathering on the Friday, spending his second week-end at Grand Falls.

A full report of the Congress, together with the photograph referred to in the wire, and other interesting pictures, will appear in next week's special Newfoundland issue.

[By Wire]

After the wonderful meetings, conducted by Lieut.-Commissioner Maxwell on Sunday, briefly reported in last week's issue, Monday found him busily engaged with important business affecting Salvation Army interests in the Dominion. In the afternoon, the Officers assembled for the St. John's Congress events gathered en masse to be photographed, and later sat down with their Commissioner to tea, this being served by the Home League members of the city Corps in their usual capable style.

At eight o'clock a united Officers' and Soldiers' meeting was conducted by the Territorial Commander. A hallowed season was experienced, powerful influences operating.

On Tuesday and Wednesday the Commissioner conducted morning and evening sessions with the Officers. The weather was extremely warm, and would have been oppressive but for sea breezes fanning the atmosphere. Best of all, other breezes were also blowing — Heavenly winds which brought glorious spiritual refreshing. The grand finale came on Wednesday when remarkable scenes of blessing and victory were experienced. This session did not close until eleven o'clock.

The Commissioner, having concluded important business matters, boarded the evening express for Bishop's Falls. St. John's cries: "Come again, Commissioner, and let it be soon!"

Colonel Morehen, and the Sub-Territorial Commander and Mrs. Moore have loyally and wholeheartedly co-operated throughout.



In connection with the sad passing of Canon Cady's son, Maurice, a letter, tendering the Army's sympathy, was sent by the Chief Secretary to the bereaved parents. Colonel Addy, representing the Commissioner, attended the funeral service, which was held in St. Paul's Church, and at which a distinguished assembly was present.

Lieut. Colonel Edwy White, Divisional Commander, U.S. Southern Territory, was a recent visitor at Territorial Headquarters. The Colonel, who came out of Bowmanville, Canada, in 1885, has had an interesting career, which includes a period in France with the American Troops, during the War. Acquaintances here were delighted to greet him.

Brigadier Archie Layman, was also an interesting visitor to Toronto recently. The Brigadier was en route from England to Vancouver.

An erstwhile member of the Canada East Editorial Department—Ensign DeBevoise, who, with Mrs. DeBevoise, still retains a warm corner in our hearts, has changed his rank. Adjutant DeBevoise, if you please!

The latest South African WAR CRY gazettes the promotion of Captain and Mrs. Watson. The newly-promoted Ensign is a son of Major and Mrs. Watson.

## BUSY AS USUAL OUR TERRITORIAL LEADER

Makes good use of "odd moments" traveling East

A note to hand from Sydney, written by our busy Commissioner, on the eve of his departure for Newfoundland, reveals the fact that he was busy, as usual, even whilst en route to his destination.

At Truro, where a stop-over of three hours was necessitated, a tea had been arranged at which the Corps Officers and Locals feted our Leader.

At Sydney, the Commissioner visited four Corps—Whitaker, Pier, New Waterford, New Aberdeen and Glace Bay—to inspect the properties. He also made opportunity to visit an octogenarian Sister, whose children and children's children are engaged in the War. A much appreciated address was also given to the Ladies Auxiliary—an organization connected with the Sydney Hospital. This was all packed into a day.

## JOTTINGS ON 'JACKSON'S'

Adjutant Burton seems to be the right man in the right place as Camp Superintendent. Camp machinery is



working smoothly. A fine, harmonious spirit prevails, and everything in the garden's lovely. Here he is.

The opening of four new Corps was recently recorded in our pages. A fifth, an unofficial one, has since been organized—"the Jackson's Point Camp Corps." The "Corporal Officer"—Adjutant Burton—with his usual enterprise has appointed "Locals"—Sergeant-Major, Treasurer, Secretary, Recording Sergeant, and even Corps Correspondent. The "Grove" meetings are becoming increasingly popular among neighboring camps, as well as among our own. To stimulate even greater interest, doggers have been printed and distributed along the lakeshore announcing the services and extending a hearty invitation. Attendances for two successive Sundays were 200 and 300—for the Sunday conducted by the Chief Secretary—811. It pays to advertise.

The Camp "Super" is to the Fresh-air children almost what Napoleon was to the French Army. The children are never happier than when performing some little voluntary task. Their willingness has not gone unrewarded, and as well as among our own, with their superiors upon their youthful heads. Some he has made Sergeants and some Corporals. The children are helped to help defray the cost of their family to keep children off the radial tracks, and from the barns, assist with potato peeling, keep the camp tidy, and to do other duties.

Adjutant and Mrs. Harpley and their large family are enjoying this is what the Toronto "Globe" says about this phase of Jackson's Point Camp. For the arching of the street, with only a sizzling, hot pavement for a playground, The Salvation Army Camp at Jackson's Point offers a wonderful pleasure. Gathering up the poor and the ragged and asking never a penny from their families to help defray the cost of their holiday. The Army, through the generous interest of the Toronto "Star" has made provision for more than 400 children. Each party of 100 children is accompanied by four tired, nerve-racked men, and the campers then go to the glorious life of freedom and recreation which is a feature at the Camp. The morning for a period of worship, under proper supervision, while the open-air citadel, established in a sylvan retreat, brings the campers then to the glorious life of freedom and recreation which is a feature at the Camp. The morning for a period of worship, under proper supervision, while the open-air citadel, established in a sylvan retreat, brings the campers then to the glorious life of freedom and recreation which is a feature at the Camp.

Comrades will regret to learn that Mrs. Captain Warrender is still confined in hospital. Day for her and the Captain, who both still feel very keenly the sad loss of their little one.



## AFTER NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF ACTIVE SERVICE Lt.-Commissioner & Mrs. Hoe Settle in Canada

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe, who recently retired from active service after nearly forty years' Officer-ship, twenty-six of them on the missionary fields, have decided to settle in London, Ontario, making their home near that of their son, Bandsman Charles Hoe.

Their long years of self-denying service include terms in Italy, India, and following a period spent by the Commissioner in administrative posts in London, some further years in Africa and India, Northern Territory, of which command Lieut.-Commissioner Hoe was Territorial Commander.

We hope to publish a more detailed account of the career of these valiant veteran Missionary Officers in a subsequent issue.

Prior to their leaving London, England, for Canada, the Chief of the Staff presided at an informal gathering of International Headquarters Staff Officers met together to bid them God-speed.

On Wednesday, July 6th, London I had the pleasure of extending the hand of welcome to Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe on behalf of their Canadian comrades.

The proceedings were hearty. Brigadier Burton, with the Divisional Staff, presided over a welcome supper, arranged by the local League of Mercy, at which were present the Band and Sonneters and Locals of the Corps. Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe, both looking fit, entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and seemed quite at home.

A Public meeting followed, when, after warm expressions from representatives of various sections of Army work in London, the guests of the evening responded in brotherly fashion.

The week-end meetings were led by the distinguished arrivals, and were seasons of much spiritual blessing and uplift.

Sunday was a good day. The Holiness meeting provided food for thought, of a searching and uplifting kind. Mrs. Hoe's simple testimony to God's goodness seemed to move everyone. The afternoon Open-air in the Park was one more evidence of the hold The Army has on the public, and the messages, including the Commissioner's Bible reading, were listened to by a large crowd.

The Salvation meeting proved the climax of a happy and useful week-end. Christ's claims were vividly presented, the sight of penitents rejoiced all hearts, nine seekers claiming Salvation at the Cross.

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Hoe have already inspired the hearts of the Soldiers by their whole-hearted Salvation spirit. May many more happy and useful years await them!

## MAJOR AND MRS. HILL'S SAD LOSS

A sad loss has been sustained by Major and Mrs. Hill, who are so well known to Canadian East comrades, their having visited this Territory last year with the Korean party, and Mrs. Hill being the daughter of the late Colonel Otway.

Since receiving orders to farewell from Korea for their new appointments—Barbados, West Indies, Eastern Territory—their baby boy, Wilfred Henry Otway, who was just six months old, has passed away to be with Jesus. The loss is keenly felt by our comrades as will be imagined, for the coming of the wee son into this lives, as Mrs. Hill writes in a note to the Chief Secretary, brought great joy and happiness.

Major and Mrs. Hill have been wonderfully upheld and comforted by God in their hour of sorrow. Every mother heart will beat in sympathy with Mrs. Hill at the thought of the lonely making of a little grave on the hillside. Remember them in prayer.

# CHRIST COME AGAIN

## THE GENERAL shows that Christ must and can "be formed in you"—then Spiritual Power and Fruit will be enjoyed

THIS time, it was a few moments before the start, at Sunbury, of a most interesting and uplifting week-end of spiritual reunion and intercourse, that THE WAR CRY interviewer was able to come up with the General. Our Leader's is indeed a breathless task—his, no abiding city: On the present occasion he, with Mrs. Booth, was both conductor and guest, the company representing a number of Officers of experience and service from the associated Headquarters.

It was one of the General's remarks the week before that gave the cue, for it seemed to promise material for further treatment at his hands. That remark was to the effect that Pentecost began a procession of Pentecosts, and that whilst Jesus Christ was born in Bethlehem, yet He was being born again in every truly surrendered soul.

"Following that line of thought," the General observed, "let me say that each one of us gets from Jesus Christ that which he can take and that which Jesus can give. And, of course, His greatest gift is the Gift of Himself. So also the greatest gift a man can make to God is the gift of himself. And according to the measure in which each gives himself to the Lord God, the Lord God gives Himself back to each. This is a glorious fact in which I, for one, do daily rejoice.

"There is, of course, the other side to the truth. Those who give themselves by stint and measure, or in fits and starts or with limitations and reservations—these only receive the changing experiences which those uncertainties beget. The Divine rule is—All for All, Nothing for Nothing, Part for Part. The degree to which our dear Saviour will give Himself to us depends upon the degree in which we really give ourselves to Him.

"Among my favorite memories are some words of a celebrated preacher of thirty years ago, bearing on this matter:

When at last there comes a man with his self open, with door behind door, back into the most secret chambers all unclosed, ready to give himself entirely, wanting everything, ready to take everything that Jesus has to give; ready to take the whole of Jesus into the whole of himself—only then are the last gates withdrawn. As when the ocean gathers itself up and enters with its tide the open mouth of the river, like a conqueror riding into a surrendered town, so does the Lord in all His richness, with His perfect standards, His mighty motives, His infinite hope, give Himself to that soul which has been utterly given to Him."

"The whole of Himself, General?" "Yes; and the same principle applies to the character of our relationships in each of their departments. For example, the love He gives us in exchange for our love-consecration to Him is the same kind of love as His own—and the kind of love which governs His being is self-

sacrificing love. Not only are we to "love thy neighbor as thyself," or to love as brothers, but we are to love as He loved. This is the love He bestows on us, setting its holy currents flowing through every power in our beings, so that we actually see and know in ourselves a love similar to that which we see and know in Him.

He teaches to yield up the love of life

For the sake of the life of love!

"Surely this must be the meaning



LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER AND MRS. HOE  
—two valiants of the Cross, who, on their well-earned retirement, have come to live amongst us. Salvationists of the Land of the Maple proudly welcome them.

of the Apostle's words, "... until Christ be formed in you." Not the bodily Christ, of course, but the Divine Christ—with the Christ spirit—with the Christ nature—with the Christ sincerity, and patience, and sacrifice, and compassion, and humility. All this is to be formed in our spirit, in our patience, in our sympathies and compassions. It is the reappearance of Christ; it is Christ formed anew. Really this is a splendid prospect!" the General declared with increasing enthusiasm.

"And you say that this can be done, General? This wonder wrought?"

"I do say it. And it is by His own power that this new Christ is to be born in us. We cannot produce Him—may, not even the beginnings of that glorious life. Even if we could manage to quicken our own poor desires and embark upon a few feeble resolutions in favor of the life of righteousness, we should soon come to a standstill. It is only God, the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who can reproduce Jesus—He alone can establish Him in us, and set Him up anew in human conditions, and beget His spirit, and flash His light, and kindle in us the fires of His love.

"And just as in the old days, Jesus was superior to His circumstances and worked the works of God in

spite of oppositions and difficulties, so Christ revealed in us will enable us to stride above both outward and inward barriers. I have never tired of reading the story of Tauler's encounter with the beggar of Strasbourg, at a time when he was seeking a deeper knowledge of God.

"God give you a good day, my friend," said Tauler (who was one of the giants of the past). 'I thank God,' said the beggar, 'I never have a bad day.' Tauler, astonished, changed the form of his salutation. 'God give you a happy life, friend.' 'I thank God,' said the beggar, 'I am never unhappy.' 'Never unhappy?' said Tauler; 'what do you mean?' 'Well,' rejoined the beggar, 'when it is fine, I thank God; when it rains, I thank God; when I am hungry, I thank God; and since God's will is my will, and whatsoever pleases Him pleases me, why should I say I am unhappy when I am not?'

"But what," said Tauler, 'if God were to cast you hence into Hell—how then?'

"Whereat the beggar paused a moment, and then, lifting his eyes up to heaven, he answered, 'And if He did, I should have two arms to embrace Him with—the arm of my faith, wherewith I lean upon His holy humanity; and the arm of my love, wherewith I am united to His glorious Divinity; and thus one with Him, He would descend, and suffer with me, and there would I infinitely rather be with Him than anywhere without Him.'

"But who are you?" said Tauler, taken aback by the reply. 'I am a king,' said the beggar. 'A king?' exclaimed Tauler; 'where is your kingdom?' 'In my own heart,' he replied.

"That is it," continued the General exultantly. "The Lord Jesus shall reign in us. And because He reigns, we reign also, as the Apostle says: 'much more they which receive abundance of grace... shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.'"

"How will this be brought about?"

"There must be complete submission. Everything, down to the least thing, opposed to God must go. That is the moment of our crowning—yes, I repeat, the moment of our absolute submission—to the King is the beginning of our own kingship. Just when we go down, He raises us up. When self is dethroned, His life triumphs. Do you know those precious lines:

Above the blatant tongues of doubt,

We hear the still, small voice of love

Which sends its simple message out;

And dearer, sweeter, day by day, Its mandate echoes from the skies:

"Go, roll the stone of Self away, And let the Christ in you arise."

"But this will not be done all at once?"

"No. Submission and life—they are an act of man and an act of God: they are done like the flash of light. But then comes progress; then begins the evolution of spiritual things in the soul; then we go onward, being cleansed from sin, to cultivate the plant and bring forth fruits worthy of His power and to His glory. This is the true evolution, the true growth:

... first the blade, then the ear; after that, the full corn in the ear.

H. L. Taylor, Lieut.-Colonel.

# Three Officers in Shanghai

BY ONE OF THEM

DOWN THE WHAMPOO RIVER—"SING-SONGS" IN THE MESS ROOM—LOOKING FOR "DRIFTERS"—THE SAILOR WHO HAD TO SHOUT—COMRADES-IN-ARMS—TEMPTATIONS WHICH DAZZLE



OUR party of three Officers—Staff—Captain L u dbrook, Adjutant Nelson, and Ensign Eacott—has been working together in Shanghai, at the time of writing, for four weeks. Apart from the Night Canteen, which ran for twenty nights and necessitated two of us going out each night, the many interviews, and the rather difficult business arrangements in connection with the leasing and fitting up of a house, many happy, and we believe fruitful, meetings have been held with the troops, and visits have been made to the soldiers at their camps and in their billets. Then we have held private meetings on Sundays and Wednesdays when the Soldier-Salvationists have been met and encouraged.

As with all such work, much is not known of the results, but we trust that the Spirit, working silently, will, through these efforts, effect a work that can be seen; a work which will remain.

## On the "Pluto"

Accompany me, in imagination, to some of the gatherings we have addressed.

It is a dark, moonless night. We move down the Whampoo River on the "Pluto," a strange craft for Salvationists surely! A brilliantly-lighted wharf is reached, where a monster battleship rears above us like a gigantic swan, so white it is, and of such graceful line. We step ashore and make our way to a large building, and mounting broad stairs enter an enormous room. There are two hundred men here, two hundred beds, several long tables on which supper is being served, forms, accoutrements; and lines of washing.

We pass from group to group of these marines, and invite them to the meeting, a "sing-song" we term it. Some munch hurriedly, and swallow hastily, and we are sure that the bread and cheese consumed, and the mug of tea emptied, they will come. An old tune on the concertina moves everyone to sing and beat a tattoo accompaniment on the tables in lieu of drums.

Gradually the group around us grows; some sprawl on their beds, others still remain sitting at the tables; one or two busily clean their belts and buttons, and one even rubs a gun vigorously, but all sing. They pick out the songs themselves. We start with "Count your blessings," as usual, "When the roll is called," up to "our" and "Art thou weary, art thou languid," and cause an amusing rush of comments from these breezy boys. Straight, brief talks, and a message from the Book are sandwiched in between the songs, and listened to, oh, so intently. At the close of the meeting confidences are given, and expressions of pleasure which the evening has brought are expressed. We leave with hearty cries of "Come again" ringing in our ears.

## "Drifters"

The night seems darker, the waters blacker, as we churn upstream again. Aboard there are two marines returning to their boats. One is a tall lad, hardly seventeen years old, yet he has already seen eighteen months of service. He tells of recent experiences at Nanking, for he was there in the trouble. A corporal is crossing the river, too, looking up the "drifters," a term for

those who overstay their pass—significant term, for it is for "drifters" we seek.

Coming home through the streets of this great port we see very many such rolling out of the bars, lying helpless in rickshaws, or being assisted by more sober companions, watched by cynical eyes from the shadows of tawdry buildings nearby, and followed by light laughter from darkened balconies.

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

Lusty Durham voices sing the well known strains as we enter the dining-room at their camp, where fifty or sixty men are gathered. More edge in as the meeting continues till a hundred men surround us, and song numbers are given out with snap and insistence. The Staff-Captain's concertina is the wonder of all, and hushed solemnity steals over us.

There are two soldier friends on the front seat, who have been "celebrating," for it is Saturday night, and they are decidedly "happy" if somewhat muddled. But we are to learn later that they went to their beds sobered and concerned about their condition and their soul's welfare.

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## WITH THE HOT COFFEE CAR

ENSIGN EACOTT, A CANADIAN OFFICER, GIVES AN INTERESTING GLIMPSE OF ARMY ACTIVITIES AFTER DARK IN SHANGHAI

ARRIVING in Shanghai, after having traveled the 759 miles from Tientsin by boat, we were soon hastening to our billets at Mr. Gow's house. Many pedestrians, hurrying to and fro, noticed our uniforms and smiled a welcome. Some did more than that, and our hearts warmed when a passing group of civilians called across the street, "Hello! Salvation Army; you're The Army we like to see."

It was an American Marine who waved his arm and shouted, "Salvation Army, you're my friend." In a sentence it sums up what we want to be to all the people in this place.

To one straight from a distant North West city where the foreign community could be counted on one's fingers, it was strange to see so many of one's own race, and to hear the English tongue on every hand. To have school children regard one's cap and spell out the English name of our organization, when one has been so used to only the Chinese "Chiu Shih Chun" was rather startling.

It was good to meet our host, Mr. Gow, who worked so indefatigably in connection with the General's visit to Shanghai last Fall, and we were delighted to meet Adjutant Nelson who has been in Shanghai for some weeks.

The Adjutant had already secured an auto truck for conveying buns and coffee in connection with the necessary permit to run if over curfew hours and also permission to wear Salvation Army uniform in a city so really under martial law. It was a delight to accompany the Adjutant and a zealous C.I.M. worker who drives the car on its rounds to the sentry posts in the dead of the night, over a road that stretches some eight miles and is barricaded with barbed wire entanglements, huge gates across the streets and boundary points, sand-

At the end of the meeting one private tells us of his determination to follow the Lord, and then and there he accepts Jesus as his saviour. Our hearts sing as we pass the rows and rows of huts, the nudes, and the group of Indians who attend them:

"Thou O Christ, art all I want,  
More than all in Thee, I find,  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind."

He does! And there are those of our Leaguers who give joyful testimony to this.

In a meeting held in the historic and hallowed China Inland Mission Hall, an artillery lad tells of being picked up drunk, on Salisbury Plains, and of his subsequent conversion in The Salvation Army Hut. "Hallelujah!" shouts one, and we turn to see the jovial face of a British sailor, who, unabashed, rises later to sing and tell of his joy in the Lord. We find he is a Salvationist, too.

We sit around the tea table at the house we have taken, where the present occupant allows us to gather our Salvation forces on Sundays. There are Salvationists from the many different regiments, for we have representatives in the Durhams, Coldstreams, Devons, Suffolks, Scot-

tish Rifles, Borderers, Glosters, Royal Artillery and Marines. A quiet looking lad, who was an Army boy at Lytton Springs Boys' Home, California, suggests the chorus:

"I want to be a soldier of the Cross,  
Brave hearted and true."

And say! it was taken up with a swing. Home Corps and home Bands are spoken of with affectionate pride, and different Officers and comrades mentioned. Simple testimonies, and are sometimes glad statements of victory, sometimes low-spoken confessions of defeat, make cause for praise or sound a tender call to prayer and firm encouragement.

The Salvationist betrays himself. He needs no label. We lead a meeting at the Headquarters. One soldier and who is our pastor, has a particularly beaming face and free spirit; another claps his hands naturally and on his own initiative when Adjutant Nelson sings a swinging chorus, and we are not surprised when both come to us at the end of the meeting and proclaim themselves our "Comrades-in-arms."

At a quiet little Prayer meeting, when personal needs are expressed, and Salvationist comrades are specially prayed for, much blessing is experienced. Those present rise like giants refreshed to face the difficulties in their camps, and to overcome, too, the dark temptations outside the camps where Satan has varied sights which dazzle, attract and allure—enticements which have the strength and cruelty of the lion which devours.

## AMERICAN MISSIONARY'S APPRECIATION OF SHANGHAI EFFORTS

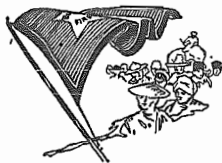
Dear Editor—My family and I are of the great body of missionaries from all over China who have found it necessary to leave our posts and come to Shanghai on account of the violence of the present upheaval. Since "All things work together for good to them that love God," we are quite willing to leave the outcome in His hands, knowing full well that He has some wiser plan in mind than we could have foreseen. But one blessing we have seen very clearly already.

Here in Shanghai we have been thrown into very close contact, for the first time in our seventeen years of missionary life, with some of our dear Army people. We will not mention all the names—Adjutant John Nelson, of Australia, is the most intimate—but we want to testify that they have been an inspiration to us. They make music, these sunny and useful souls, out of everything. They are a continual commentary on the text, "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me."

We give glory where it belongs—to the Master who gives not life only, but Life More Abundant. God bless them! May I say "Hallelujah" too? — Andrew Allison, American Southern Presbyterian Mission.

PASS THIS WAR CRY  
OVER THE FENCE  
TO YOUR NEIGHBOR

At some points we met American (Continued on page 13)



# Under The Army Flag



## PULLING TEETH, SHOOTING LIONS AND TEACHING SALVATION

500 MILES THROUGH SOUTHERN RHODESIA

The following interesting account of a tour in Southern Rhodesia is from the pen of Ensign W. Walton, a Canadian Missionary Officer, who is Sectional Officer for the Lomagundi Section.

### "MARRIED YESTERDAY!"

Another Hyde Park Romance Disclosed

At the beginning of an afternoon meeting held in Hyde Park, London, recently, Field-Major Gill, who was leading, invited three men and three women who had not previously spoken in the Park to testify. Remarkable stories of conversion were heard.

One man said that many years ago he was a Christian worker but lost his hold on God and became a very heavy drinker. About eight days before he stood in the crowd around that Army Open-air and God's Spirit took hold of him. He went home and with his Bible open before him, gave himself afresh to God. His mates wondered what had come over him to bring about such a change. He claimed that he was a Hyde Park Convert and gave God the glory.

"You look as though you've been on your honeymoon!" exclaimed the Major to a Convert he had not seen for some time but whom he now recognized in the crowd.

"The Major hit the nail on the head," said the neatly-dressed man as he stepped forward. "I was married yesterday!"

"A year and three months ago I got saved in this Park. I came to London with £200 in my pocket and in a few weeks it was all lost by drinking and gambling."

"I came around to this meeting fed up with myself and everything. The Army folks said that Christ could save me. I gave myself up to Him. As I said, yesterday I was married. My wife, who is here in the crowd, was converted in Hyde Park too. Hallelujah!"

Among the recent Converts who knelt at the Hyde Park penitence form was the Vice-Consul of a Baltic State, who since returning to his appointment, has written Field-Major Gill, rejoicing in his Salvation.

### GUARD LEADER'S

#### PROMPT AID.

The value of the Life-Saving Service was demonstrated in Abilene, Australia, where a cyclist collided with a motor car. The cyclist was thrown to the ground, directly in front of the shop belonging to Guard-Leader Grace Watson, who holds a certificate for first-aid. She immediately went to the assistance of the young man, and found he had sustained a compound fracture of the leg, a broken nose, and a scalp wound. When the St. John's Ambulance Officer arrived, he found that the patient had received all necessary attention.

### ICELAND'S ISOLATION

Army work in Iceland goes on steadily. Peculiar handicaps are the language—so difficult for foreigners to acquire—and the isolation of the various Corps, which can be reached only by sea. This region has the reputation of being one of the stormiest and wildest in the world, and those who travel in Icelandic waters must be prepared for trials, for communication is most uncertain; visitors, including the Divisional Commander, must find themselves held up for twelve or thirteen days at a time, without any means of reaching their next destination.

LEAVING Sinioia for our tour of the Urungwe Reserve, which is part of my Section. Jarnes, the Divisional Commander, and I arrived at the first Corps, Mehereng, which is forty-seven miles from Sinioia. The time spent here was fully occupied. Fifteen teeth were pulled out, four weddings conducted, the school inspected, and meetings held.

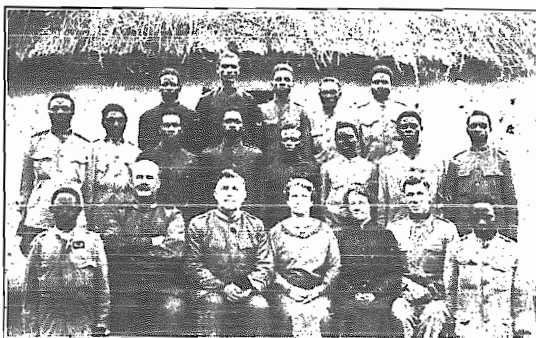
"Chanetsa was our next stop. Owing to the heavy rain the previous night, we had rather a difficult job to get to this Corps. Sometimes the car was up to the axle in mud. At this place the Major pulled two teeth and conducted an inspection. The people did not arrive for the meetings until late in the afternoon as they lived a long way from the Hall; but when they did come they brought blankets and food with them. Two Soldiers were enrolled and two babies dedicated.

"The following morning we left for Grand Parade Corps, which is situated on a mica mine. Here a good work is going on among the natives who work in the mine. From here we journeyed to Namatombo. Here we have two European comrades, Ensign and Mrs. Luttlig, who have been sent to start a new settlement and to assist with the supervision of the Section. They are over a hundred miles from Sinioia and Sectional Headquarters, and the nearest white people are thirty-one miles from them. They were very pleased to see us, serve, and was opened by Envoy Samson Dzou, who is now a Cadet in the 'Howard' Training Institute. At this place the Major relieved a few more of bad teeth, pulling out about fifty! We held meetings and an inspection.

"We now had to get back to the car as our next places of call were in another part of the Reserve. We left Mangumbura just after noon, and spent that night in the bush. Continuing the next morning, we arrived at Namatombo some time in the afternoon. Here we took the car and started for Dzombemba. This night we slept in a shed on an old trading

Soldiers and conducted two weddings. We had a camp-fire meeting at night, and three women came out for Salvation.

"A four hours' walk brought us to the next Corps, Mangumbura. This is No. 1 Corps in the Urungwe Re-



Officers of the Lomagundi Section, with Major Jarnes, Divisional Commander for the Mashona Division, Mrs. Jarnes, and Ensign and Mrs. Walton

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Remember at the Throne of Grace those who carry the light of God's Truth into the dark places of the earth. And pray that Salvation may come to every race.

and we found the new settlement getting nicely into shape. Quite a number of huts and a Hall were already built.

"On the Sunday, comrades from other Corps came into Namatombo, and we had good meetings. In the afternoon nineteen Recruits were enrolled as Soldiers, the first Soldiers of the Namatombo Corps.

"We now had to leave the car and proceed on foot. At the next Corps, Monga, we were not able to have a meeting during the day as the people were in the gardens watching the crops but we had a camp-fire meeting at night, and rejoiced to see five natives seeking God, among them being the head man of the kraal.

"The next morning we set off for another three hours' walk and arrived at Chivura Corps. At this place, the Major enrolled six new

post, and during the night were awakened by lions which were quite near. We took our guns and went in search of them. The lions made a rush for the cattle kraal. We put the lights of the car on, but the grass was so high that they got away before we could get a shot at them. The next morning we arrived safely at Dzombemba and held meetings, during which seven souls found Salvation.

"At Mangwala, a three hours' walk from Dzombemba, we had meetings during the day and a camp-fire meeting at night.

"Altogether we covered five hundred miles, seventy-five miles of this being done on foot. The long grass made it difficult for walking as it was taller than ourselves; but we feel we have a lot to praise God for as the work is going ahead, and we

now have fifteen Corps in this Reserve, and many Outposts.

"This journey took in only one-half of our Section, so you have some idea of the distances we have to cover. We are happy in our work, and God is blessing our efforts. Two years ago there were only seventeen Corps in the Section. Now we have thirty. We are rejoicing over a record Self-Denial, the sum of \$430.00 being raised, which represents \$130.00 increase on last year.

"Would you please, through THE WAR CRY (though I am rather late, I know), convey our thanks to the comrades and friends who so kindly remembered us at Christmas-time with cards. We received about sixty, and are not able to answer them all."

### BREVITIES

The first Young People's Hall in Ceylon was recently opened at Moratumulla.

Bombay District now has a Primary Department in every Corps. In some places as many as four Primary Companies are in operation on Sunday afternoon.

A cco mm o d a t i o n for 4,758 needy and friendless children is provided by The Army in its various Homes throughout the world, and twenty Industrial Schools house and train 1,370 others.

### EASTERN INDIA

#### MARCHES ON

Since his return to Eastern India, Lieut.-Commissioner Stanley (Java Vavra) has been actively engaged in building matters. At Territorial Headquarters, he is being demolished a building, which will also be Central Hall, is to be the site of the main street of the second city of the Empire, who is in connection with scheme to celebrate the General's Seventieth Birthday.

A new Women's Industrial Home is also being put up in Rangoon, Burma, towards which the Burmese Government has generously contributed Rs. 20,000.

### THE CHAMPION EATER!

Recent captures at Sheffield, England, include the champion eater. His conversion is a miracle of Divine Grace.

Field-Major Chalkers, the Corps Officer, giving details of this Convert's career, encloses a card which states, among numerous gastronomic feats, these interesting items:

On one occasion he ate six 7 lb. tins of corned beef, 16 men's rations, and drank fifteen pints of beer and more.

In another occasion he sandwiched a daily paper between two slices of dry bread and devoured it! It is to be hoped that he will prove as voracious for spiritual fare!

# FOR THE SALVATION OF SOUL AND MIND,

## Points from the Life-Saving Scouts' Declaration:

1. I understand that as a Life-Saving Scout it is required of me:
- 1.—To seek to obtain a sense of the favor of God and to learn how to extend His Kingdom in and through the Organization.
- 2.—To seek, to hear, to speak, and to read with the intent of directing my thoughts aright.

## The Life-Saving Scout Movement of the Ideals and Principles Fundamental to Christianity

IT WAS a stroke of statesmanship, bold and large visioned, when thirteen years ago the General introduced into The Salvation Army organization the Life-Saving Scouts. Experience has furnished the clearest proof that The Army's life blood is today the richer for its existence.

The Movement is a practical expression of the well-known doctrine that prevention is better than cure, a doctrine of which The Army has always been a vigorous exponent. The Scout Organization aims at establishing a point of contact with young men whom purely religious activities fail to attract, and of cultivating within them a noble and God-fearing character, a sound body and an alert mind, and of ultimately winning them for God.

It is another way of hooking your fish by using the most palatable bait. And the Salvationist has ever been a wise "fisher of men."

With its promise of adventure, romance, and healthy activity, the Organization makes a winning appeal to the awakening faculties and youthful energies of the lads. Having once come under Salvation Army influence, their thoughts and aspirations are the more readily directed to greater and higher things. The work abounds with possibilities, and the progress made and the results so far achieved give cause for enthusiasm.

At the beginning of the new departure, some expressed doubt as to whether the Scout Organization would achieve any real soul-saving work, which, after all, is at the back of this and every other Army endeavor. But there is overwhelming evidence that the Movement has been of immense spiritual value.

Even apart from the soul-saving, the benefits to young people morally and physically justifies the venture many times over. The "preventive" value of the work can hardly be overstated. The varied activities of the Scouts provide effective counter attractions to those allurements of the world which do so much harm to boys during those precious years when habits are formed and characters moulded. When a young person joins the Scouts, not only are the harmful weeds, which wildly grow in the garden of youth, torn up, but good seeds with certain character and lofty purpose are planted in their place. beat discipline, the training of the body, and the development of faculties, are all benefits which accrue to the Life-Saving Scout. But the chief cause for satisfaction to all congresses; so enterprise is in the results which are seen all others; still in the diaphragm of saving the soul.

The Life-Saving Scout program has a much more delicate than the mere routine of drill, recreation and scout-craft. The Leader is alert to use any direct or indirect op-

portunity, when fittingly presented, to press for clean-cut decisions to enlist under the captaincy of Jesus Christ. What crowds of young men have been won for the Master by means of the devotional side of the Life-Saving program!

The Organization forms a link with the "outside" boy who otherwise would remain untouched. At one Corps, for instance, the boys who compose the Troop had had no contact with The Army before becoming Scouts, and were previously untouched by any religious agency. This kind of virgin soil for our spiritual sowing, we have found, yields a wonderful harvest.

Here is an example; the story comes from the London WAR CRY. In a town not a hundred miles from London, the Mayor, who had presided at a Sunday afternoon Meeting at which the Scouts paraded,



COLONEL RICHARD ADDY,  
Territorial Young People's  
Secretary

### REVEILLE!

The brazen notes of a bugle ring across the campus, waking the echoes of the peaceful countryside—

— incidentally the slumbers of the ninety-odd occupants of some fifteen bell-tents. Yawns, sleepy protests, uneasy turnings accompany the final warning notes. Some even dare to resume their interrupted slumbers; but not for long. That summons, as each lad is aware, although he has scarcely emerged from Slumberland, must be obeyed.

Soon they come tumbling from their tents; tousled heads make an invigorating acquaintance with the water-tap and Master Scout, now wide-awake, views the world with increasing interest.

He remembers the day—Sunday, and recalls with regret that this is his last full day at Camp. To-morrow he will be catapulted, so to speak, from the exhilarating associations of "Jackson's" to the prosaic atmosphere of city life. The recollection is not pleasant, but—away with gloomy thoughts. To-day, he decides, is going to be a good day; why should it not be the best day?

This is the day, specially set apart, Master Scout ruminates, for the official termination of the Life-Sav-

## IN CAMP AT JACKSON'S

LIFE-SAVERS SPEND A DAY WITH POINT No. 1

THE CHIEF SECRETARY Shows his Keen Judgement the Way to "Obtain

ing Scout Camp, but it is also the occasion when Scouts are led to view the training of this two-week period from a spiritual perspective; to estimate one's indebtedness to God and, more, to seek, in some measure, to repay that debt. Moreover, he remembers suddenly that this day's devotions are to be conducted by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Henry. The mercury of expectancy rises!

Master Scout's ruminations are disturbed by the lusty notes of the bugle sounding "Fall-in." It is for the Flag-breaking ceremony. Master Scout then proceeds in genuine Life-Saver fashion to tidy up his tent. Blankets are folded neatly; kits stowed away; the tent-floor swept and odds and ends of waste, which will persist in accumulating where boys congregate, disposed of.

That bugle again! But there are no laggards on parade this time, for it is the "cook-house" call.

Meeting-time approaches apace and with it, alas, come angry clouds and showers. The Grove is the customary meeting-place for all meetings at the Camp, but the rain is no respecter of persons or places and there is no other alternative but to utilize the Scouts' dining-room.

Like a regiment of seasoned warriors those blue-clad Life-Savers

### THE LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS' PLEDGE

- I promise, to the best of my ability:
- (a) To fear God and serve Him.
- (b) To give of my strength and suffering.
- (c) To be loyal to my country.
- (d) To be true to the Life-Saving Scout Declaration.



was asked by the Scout Leader whether he would inspect the Troop. He did so, and passing along the lines stopped at a certain boy, asking his name. The same being given by the Leader, the Mayor remarked, "I might so. I have had that lad

swing across the campus, headed by the Territorial and Assistant Young People's Secretaries, and stepping to a lively tune played by the Scout Band.

Joining with the Scouts in their worship, are many cottagers from our own and neighboring camps. We are glad to see them. Apparently they are genuinely pleased with the opportunity of spending an hour of prayer and praise with Salvation Army Life-Savers.

Commandant Galway prays—and he is not amiss when he refers to this as "an exceedingly important meeting." It is, and the Chief Secretary emphasizes this fact when about to read the Word.

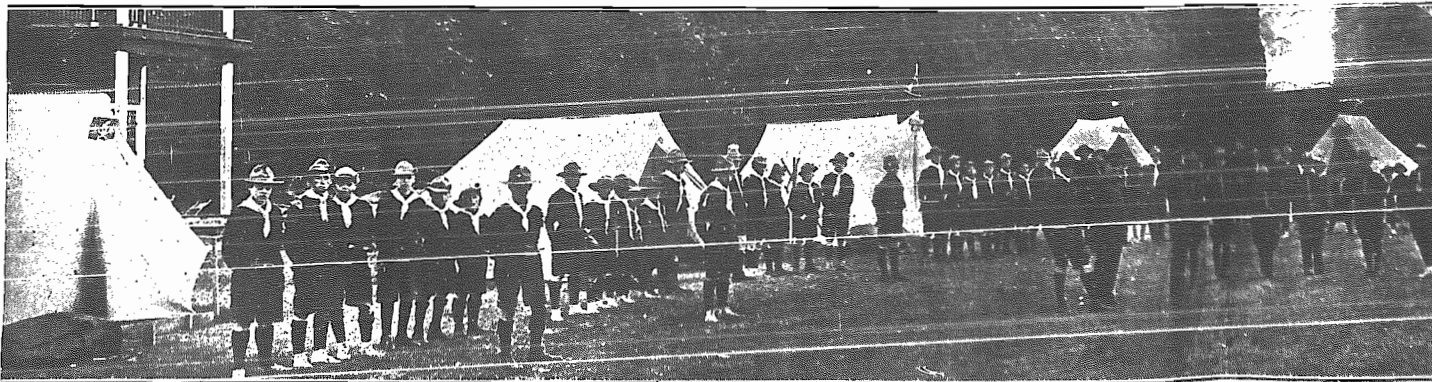
Do Scouts like singing? There is but one answer to this—and they give that answer now. Adjutant Keith is on the platform, fresh from that wonderful series of Sunbury Councils, and is leading a chorus, which the American delegates to Sunbury introduced whilst over there. These are the words:

"Just a little sunshine,  
Just a little glow;  
Helps to make a kinship anywhere!  
Just a little gladness, just a little love,  
Helps to point the way to  
above."

The chorus is sung with vigor. At this juncture called upon, an in a language boys' heads—at

That the Col on heart and r no mere side his address, "a young man," a the earnestness nificance of attention. "T the world was positions of p only to the m have changed. heights to wh soar; the possi clean-handed, his own ex staunch belief Spirit which i

Well, this many "feasts, an one as ve morning. Su opinion as he canvas abode ing through this useful b Sharpened vigorous c lang of the



The first Life-Saving Scout Camp at Jackson's Point. A number of the Scouts appearing in this photograph are to-day Officers in our ranks, several being on missionary service.



# OF SOUL, MIND, BODY, AND OTHERS

## Scout Movement of the World Implants its Fundamental to Christian Citizenship



### THE LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS PLEDGE

To be true to the best of my ability  
To fear God and serve Him.  
To give of my strength and sympathy to the weak  
and suffering.  
To be loyal to my country.  
To be true to the Life-Saving Scout Declaration.



asked by the Scout Leader at whether he would inspect  
Troop. He did so, and passed along the lines stopped at a  
main boy, asking his name. Upon the name being given by the  
leader, the Mayor remarked, "I thought so. I have had that lad

in front of me at the police court three times since I have been  
in office." The leader was able to inform the Mayor that not  
only had the boy joined the Life-Saving Scouts, but also the  
Bible Class, and had become converted.

Perhaps the finest tribute that can be paid to the soul-  
saving work of the Organization is the fact that among the  
Cadets are generally found many who have been associated with  
the Life-Saving Scouts as Leaders.

This brings us to the subject of workers; for  
the secret of the success of any Troop lies in the  
efficiency and enthusiasm of its Leaders. More are  
needed.

Have you ever stopped to consider that the youth  
of to-day is the man of to-morrow? It is because this  
fact is seriously realized that there are to be found

- To abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors, tobacco, gambling, and any practice or habit likely to interfere with a sound, healthy condition of body.
- To acquire efficiency in various methods of Life-Saving; to be watchful for opportunities to assist the needy; to live at peace with all; to be thrifty, trustworthy, courteous, and pleasant under all circumstances, and to be kind to animals.

throughout our land numbers of men who are willing to devote  
their leisure time helping to train, by means of the Life-Saving  
Scout Movement, the youth of to-day in those essentials which  
will enable them to rightly take their places as God-fearing  
men in the to-morrow.

Thank God for such men! Their numbers are all too few.  
The call is sounding for others to enlist and swell the ranks of  
those challenging the right of the devil  
and his agents to blight the lives of our  
coming manhood.

Statistics in criminology in Canada  
show that over fifty per cent. of crime  
and lawlessness can be traced directly  
to faulty home conditions and bad  
companionship. The Life-Saving Scout  
Movement supports right home train-  
ing, and keeps the boy from association  
with bad companions. Scouting gives  
an indoor and outdoor programme that  
is attractive and appealing to every side  
of a boy's nature.

That the Life-Saving Scout Movement  
is invaluable in implanting into its mem-  
bers just the ideals and principles fun-  
damental to true Christian citizenship  
can readily be seen in its Pledge and  
Declaration which might well be called  
the soul of the Movement.

Let your imagination carry you to a  
Camp-Fire Council, where those youth-  
ful members of Troops in the flicker-

ing fire-light and under the charm of its mystic atmosphere are  
solemnly repeating their "law of life," and let it sink deep into  
your consciousness that each member of his own volition and  
on his honor makes these great promises contained in the  
Pledge and Declaration.

Scouting is the game with a purpose that is being played  
at the weekly Troop meeting. At least once a week the mem-  
bers of Troops meet in their parade room, under the supervision  
of men leaders and keenly enter into the fun of learning phys-  
ical culture, knot-tying, bridge-building, signalling, first-aid, life-  
saving, camp and woodcraft, beside numerous other subjects  
instrumental in building the body, developing the mind, training  
the character and creating the spirit of service.

It is a game that brings to the boy the appeal that offsets  
and counteracts the evils of the street gang, the filth of  
questionable reading, contact with depraved minds. It strikes  
a death blow to the insidious spirit of indolence, irreverently  
and lawlessness, praying upon unsupervised boyhood. If an en-  
viewpoint, grasped by our Leaders, with a sanctified see, despite  
the "unfamiliar" valuable for the formation of true as. The  
of these insertion of the aim and objects of the and very  
with it is hoped, lead to suitable men, conversing, their, and  
to add in the Life-Saving Scout Organization.  
us save the coming manhood for Jesus.



STAFF-CAPTAIN SPOONER,  
Assistant Y.P. Secretary, and  
Life-Saving Scout Organizer

There is a  
lull in the  
showers at  
2.30 p.m., and  
the Life-  
Savers are  
again on  
parade. "Life-  
Saving Scouts

—Alert!" booms the voice  
of Big Chief Spooner, and  
with a smart click of their  
heels the Scouts obey the  
command and offer salute  
to the Chief Secretary. In  
a few, terse words the  
Staff-Captain explains that

the Colonel is about to conduct an  
inspection of troops and tents. This  
provides an interesting fifteen  
minutes. It would be difficult to say  
which were the more interesting;  
the boys or their tents. The latter  
are scrupulously clean (the boys are,  
too, for that matter) and tidy, and  
the gadgets which their enterprising  
occupants have fashioned are, to the  
uninitiated tenderfoot, unique. Tooth-  
brush-holders, pen-holders, coat-  
hangers, baskets, tie-racks, wash-  
bowl stands are in use, all being  
fashioned out of wood, bark and  
withes. Master Scout might be cast  
on a desert island and yet, in short  
order, have many necessary facilities  
of modern life.

The Chief Secretary takes his  
leave, but not before he has given a  
warm, inspirational talk.

More thunder-shower, but again  
the Grove is rendered "out of the  
question for the afternoon meeting.  
The dining-room is a good substitute.  
(Continued on page 12, column 1)

## AT JACKSON'S POINT

### Life-Savers Spend a Day with Point No. 1

#### Shows his Keen Audience the Way to "Obtain a Sense of the Favor of God"

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which  
here

swing across the camp, headed by  
the Territorial and Assistant Young  
People's Secretaries, and stopping to  
a lively tune played by the Scout  
Band.

Joining with the Scouts in their  
worship, are many cottagers from  
our own and neighboring camps. We  
are glad to see them. Apparently  
they are generally based with the  
opportunity of spending an hour of  
prayer and praise with Salvation  
Army Life-Savers.

Commandant Galway prays—and  
he is not amiss when he refers to  
this as "an exceedingly important  
meeting." It is, and the Chief Sec-  
retary emphasizes the fact when  
about to read the Word.

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but one answer to this—and they  
give that answer now. Adjutant  
Keith is on the platform, fresh from  
that wonderful series of Sunbury  
Councils, and is leading a chorus,  
which the American delegates to  
Sunbury introduced whilst over there.  
These are the words:

Just a little sunshine,  
Just a little glow;  
Helps to make a shadow anywhere!  
Just a little gladness, just a little  
love,  
Helps to point the way to

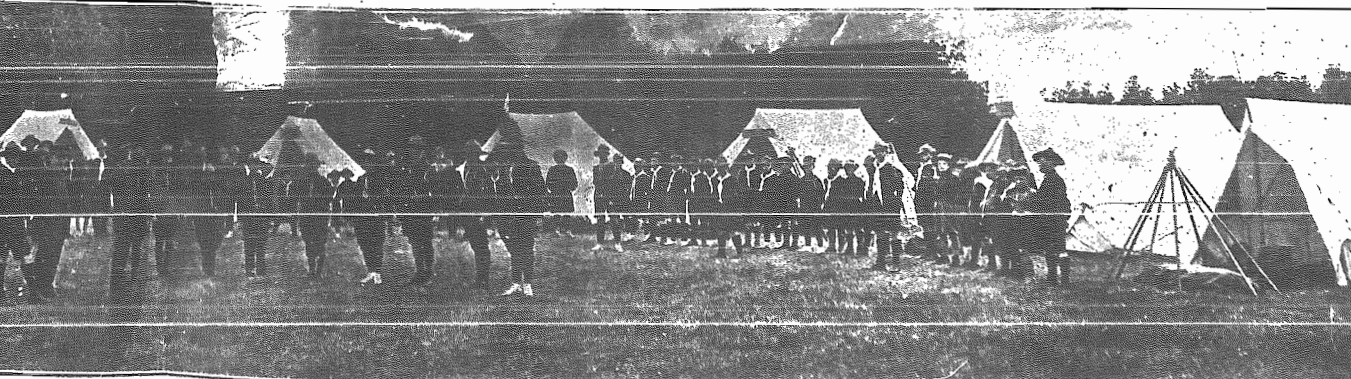
The chorus has a catchy lilt and is  
sung with vigor.

At this juncture, Ensign Wood is  
called upon, and talks to these boys  
in a language which easily soaks into  
boys' heads—and hearts.

That the Colonel has this meeting  
on heart and mind, and considers it  
no mere side issue, is evidenced in  
his address. "This is the day of the  
young man," states the Colonel, and  
the earnestness of his mien and sig-  
nificance of his utterance compel  
attention. "There was a day when  
the world was conservative; when  
positions of prominence were given  
only to the mature men; but times  
have changed." He speaks of the  
heights to which a noble soul may  
soar; the possibilities of pure-minded,  
clean-handed, consecrated youth; of  
his own experiences and of his  
staunch belief in the "sword of the  
Spirit which is the Word of God."

Well, this room has witnessed  
many "feasts," but surely not such  
an one as we have experienced this  
morning. Such is Master Scout's  
opinion as he troops back to his  
canvas abode, many thoughts sur-  
ging through his mind as a result of  
this useful hour.

Sharpened appetites, the result of  
a vigorous outdoor life, make the  
laurel of the dinner-gong welcome.



in our ranks, several being on missionary service, while the majority of the others are "on parade" in our fighting Army as Local Officers, Bandmen and Soldiers.

A Serial Story, Specially Written for the Canada East WAR CRY.



# On Tramp for Jesus

## The Pioneering Experiences of certain Salvation Army Bandsmen

— By —  
LIEUT.-COLONEL WM.  
NICHOLSON

### CHAPTER X Over the Border

THOSE who want cheerful thoughts in days to come, must do good now. So thought at least one of the Pioneering Band towards the close of the campaigning experiences in Canada. Not that their end in life was to make a soft bed of roses on which to lie when their days of fighting were done. By no means. Their chief wish in all their work was to do right and win the people for God and The Army. They strove to forget themselves and their own comfort in their desire to help others.

So they were happy and had laid up a store of memories good to reflect upon. Many trophies had been won for God and led to work for Him and the Salvation of the people as a result of their united efforts.

#### Precious Memories

In the homes of hosts and hostesses in scores of towns and cities of the Dominion they had striven to be true to their vows and to remember always the words of counsel to which they had listened just before they left London.

The people of Canada, they found, were extremely hospitable. In every home entered they were treated well; many kindnesses were heaped upon them, and when they reflected that it was because they were representatives of The Salvation Army, more than ever they felt it their duty to be worthy of their calling.

Now that they had come to the wilderness in the country, and certain to cross the border into the States, they naturally felt that they were sorry, too, after they left London.

Gradual, they left the Great grows; so others still of the family gatherings; the end of which they believed admitted was precious to them. They had listened to those who had come out to the New Land many years before who had made the passage in sailing ships, which on occasions took not only weeks but even a month or two to cross the Atlantic. With old and young, night by night, the Bible had been read, and they knelt together and joined in prayer. They had made sad hearts glad and dim eyes bright, and caused some to sit by the fireside lost in a reverie while they recalled memories of past happy days in the land across the seas.

#### Songs of Praise

In most Canadian homes there was an organ or a piano, and sometimes both. Before they left their billets it was their custom, when possible, to assemble in the sitting-room, where one of the household would play while the rest joined in the songs of praise.

At their last Canadian appointment the whole of the town, including the Mayor and Councillors, turned out

to wish the Bandsmen Godspeed. The Mayor insisted on the Band occupying the bandstand, which was not only made a pedestal from which to regale the people with music, but answered well as a singing and speaking platform. Those who heard the inspiring music that afternoon would scarcely have imagined how extremely sorry were all the Bandsmen at the prospect of saying good-bye, for they felt as though they had known their Canadian friends and comrades all their lives.

#### Faithful in Small Things

The bond of fellowship between those who are converted is a very

their devotion.

The Territorial Commander of the Dominion, at whose invitation they had crossed the sea, and who had endeared himself to all, said a few kind words to the men before they left. His remarks made a great impression on them.

#### All Very Wonderful

"Before I came to Canada," said Rupert Wright, "the country was nothing to me but a big dab of red on the map, but it is very different now, and The Salvation Army here seems to be part and parcel of my very life."

"Yes," added Ernest Hardy, "and over the river yonder, there, within sound of my cornet, is another man



With many signs of goodwill . . . they bade good-bye to Canada

real one, and rarely did any experience those truths so forcibly as they. It was one thing to leave a home and quite another to say farewell to Canada altogether.

Duty called, however, and it was right for them to obey, and they pocketed their feelings. It may be thought a small matter upon which to dwell. It is not. To our young comrades it was a great thing. Their character was in the making, and it is often the so-called little things that count. Their ready answer in this case was but the beginning of experiences of this kind. Later, some were called to make greater sacrifice. If they had not been faithful in the small things very likely they would have been found wanting when greater demands were made upon

try, where we shall meet crowds of Salvationists, with whom we shall fight the good fight."

"It is all very wonderful," admitted Albert Straight; "quite a revelation to me. And if this spirit is discovered by us in the very land overseas we visit, I reckon it's likely that if we were privileged to go round the world we should find it pretty much the same everywhere. It makes one feel that no matter where we went, if we could only strike the trail of a Salvationist, we should land on our feet and be quite at home."

"There is not so much of the Columbus about us as we think," remarked Rupert. "The spirit we speak of existed long before we came here, and exists elsewhere. It has been known to others and ought to

have been known to us. We have neither invented nor discovered it."

"Right again, Rupert," said Straight. "The old saying, 'seeing is believing,' is true in our case. We had read of these things and caught a glimpse of them at Congresses and on Crystal Palace days, and so on, but it is different now."

#### Not Stuck for Words

"Yes, it is," was the reply. "We ought to be able to deliver a good talk on the text, 'That which we have seen and heard, the same declare we unto you.' If Canada was the topic, I don't think I for one should be stuck for words."

"Nor I," exclaimed several in a breath.

The arrival of the mail from the Old Country here caused the subject to be dropped. There was a bit of excitement as name after name was called and the letters were eagerly seized. All had relatives and friends in the Old Land and were linked up to them by many invisible cords.

"What do you think," exclaimed Rupert. "Flare Up, as we used to dub him, has entered the Training Garrison at last, after saying that he would never do so. He has written a full and detailed confession, as the newspaper says."

#### "Good Old 'Flare Up'"

"That's to save his face when he sees you, I suppose," said someone.

"No, it is simply because he felt that I should be glad to know. Listen, while I read," said Rupert. "You will be surprised to learn that I am in the International Training Garrison. I have been here a month and have learnt more about myself during that time than I would have done in a year at the old Corps. I am quite sure I have taken the right step. On one occasion I told you that I didn't think I should ever go to Clapton as a Cadet, and I really didn't think so at the time, but I've been led step by step, and gradually my whole outlook has changed. My presence here is no greater surprise to you than it is to me."

"Good old 'Flare Up.' I hope he'll get on well," shouted Ernest.

"How's this?" cried "Jonah," waving a letter above his head. "It's from the fellow I was telling you about who once, in a moment of excitement, on his return from his holiday, testified that the previous week had been the happiest fortnight he ever spent in his life. He tells me he's now a full-blown Lieutenant. Good for him!"

"Jonah" put the letter in his pocket rather abruptly, for the whistle had blown.

Amid waving handkerchiefs and many other signs of good-will, the Bandsmen formed up in marching order. Then to the roll of the drums they stepped off briskly "by the left" to the strains of Salvation music. So they turned their backs upon the land of happy memories and marched over the border to the United States.

(To be continued)



# Our Musical Fraternity



## BAND AND BRIGADE CHAT

**SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED BY W. L. DEVOTO, NEW YORK**

## NEW ZEALAND'S FINEST

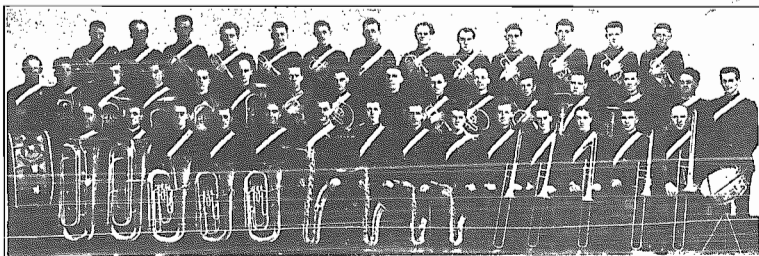
Many of our Bandsmen and Songster comrades are just now enjoying a well-earned vacation amid the beauties of forest, lake and river. To all such, our sincere wishes for a holiday as profitable as pleasurable. May you lay in stores of health for the coming days of renewed activity. God be with you!

## BRANTFORD AT BRAMPTON

During the afternoon the Band journeyed to Eldorado Park and there rendered another bright and interesting program. The Salvation meeting at night was led by the Divisional Commander in the Capitol Theatre, and a community service in Gage Park concluded the week-end.

Living, in 1889, at the seaside resort of Brighton, England, with my parents who were in charge of the Corps, I was greatly excited when I heard that the "Troops" were coming, and that the Bandmaster was to stay at our house. For to my boyish fancy there was no one in the world like unto that Bandmaster—although I had never seen him!

Let us perfect ourselves by all means in our beloved art. Nothing is too good for him who gave the best he had for us! But let us keep a firm grip on first principles. We Bandmen are highly privileged. We



The Wellington City (N.Z.) Citadel Band, under the leadership of Ensign H. C. Goffin

The Band played many times, but there stands out in bold relief the rendition of that simple melody "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah" (B.J. 121). Just that, twice through. The old air has, perhaps, no great musical distinction, but during the playing of it I firmly believe any musical soul, such as it is, came into being. The whispering piano, the magnificent crescendo, the grandeur of the climax, have lived with me

## DO YOU KNOW

Undulazione is the tremulous sound produced by violinists by the vibratory pressure of the finger upon the strings?

## MEMOS FOR SONGSTERS

Do not clear your throat by coughing before you sing. It is less objectionable and more helpful to swallow two or three times. Coughing irritates the nerves and other vital parts of the throat.

**The Wellington City Citadel  
Band**

Goffin (now Conductor and Ensign), and H. Scotney (now Soprano Cornet player). Upon Bandmaster H. Scotney's retirement through ill-health, Ensign Goffin took over the Band, and it has continued its progress. Both the Ensign and Bandmaster Scotney are composers and conductors, and both, more especially the latter, have contributed to the English Band Journal. Bandmaster Scotney was awarded first prize in the Meditation section of the recent competition for his Meditation 'Nearer to Thee.'

remained. "The Wellington City Citadel Band is, in company with all Army Bands the world over, marching on for God and right, and will keep the Flag flying in our beautiful country. Salvation greetings from the land of the Maori."—V.N. Underwood, Band Secretary.

## WESTERN ONTARIO BANSMEN TAKE NOTE

Dovercourt (Toronto)  
Band is visiting St. Thomas  
on July 30-31st, and Port  
Stanley on August 1st.

## HAND THIS WAR CRY

TO A FRIEND

## LIFE-SAVERS SPEND A DAY WITH POINT NO. 1

(Continued from page 9)  
however. A program is the afternoon's lode-stone and we anticipate a treat.

Colonel Henry has very graciously surrendered the pilotage of this event to the genial Young People's Secretary. Among such a "galaxy of intellectuals" we might naturally expect something worth while. The Scout Band is given precedence on this program, and the young men of this "mushroom" combination prepare to demonstrate that they are not unmindful of the honor imposed upon them in being first on the program, by playing the martial strains of "Georgia."

William Young, of Toronto Temple Troop, is the youthful baton-wielder. He deserves a pat on the back—and more!—for his efficient and useful endeavors. Scout William Cocking now stirs every heart that has a spark of patriotism in it with a recitation—"Canadian Boy."

The program does not lack variety. An organ solo is next given and, despite the fact that the instrument doesn't come from Westminster Abbey, as the chairman humorously reminds us, some very pleasing effects are obtained.

An impressive reading by Adjutant Keith given with Staff-Captain Spooner's concertina accompaniment adds spice to this afternoon of pure enjoyment and edification. The irrepressible Wisheart, Scout Leader of Orillia, is next on "the bill" with a vocal solo. A Cornet solo by Assistant Leader Young and a mouth organ solo by Lester Pierce of North Toronto concludes the program.

The evening brings clearer skies, and so for the first time to-day we are privileged to worship in God's cathedral, ceilinged only by the interlacing boughs of maples and cedars.

And in the midst of this congenial environment Mrs. Henry's voice is heard. "I want to talk to you," says she, in a manner which appeals immediately to her bronzed, youthful auditors, "about 'square' boys! It is said that 'Square men and not square miles make a city great.' The 'square' boy is the boy who plays the game; who loves right and does right." Much similar good advice, the purport of which every boy can fully comprehend, is given.

Staff-Captain Spooner leads the Band in an appropriate selection, and Ensign and Mrs. Wood sing. Adjutant Keith again introduces his catchy refrain.

The Colonel now opens the Word. The stern, uncompromising truisms of the Apostle John on "Sin" form the topic of his talk. He exposes it mercilessly. He speaks from experience. He has witnessed sin's blighting effect on men and women; yes and on boys!

But what of Master Scout? How is he faring? What is he thinking? Ah, there he is; brows knit, lips set, eyes lighted with high resolve. "Sin must be destroyed," cries the Colonel. "It shall be destroyed," echoes Master Scout to his own heart.

"A good day, yes," quoths Master Scout. "And more—it has been the best day of the 1927 Camp!"

## Rejoicings in Bermuda HAMILTON'S NEW CITADEL

### OPENED BY MAYOR BLUCK

#### FOR THE GLORY OF GOD AND SALVATION OF SINNERS

His Excellency the Governor, sends Congratulatory Message

**A**TTEMDED with appropriate ceremonies of opening and dedication, the newly re-built Citadel of the Hamilton, Bermuda, Corps was recently opened after being closed for repairs ever since last October, when the hurricane wrecked the entire building. The new facade of the Citadel carries forward the suggestion of a fortress with its rugged, even lines, unrelieved by decoration and has an air of alert defense and solemn dignity admirably suited to its purpose.

The Worshipful Arthur W. Bluck, O.B.E., M.C.P., Mayor of Hamilton, who performed the opening ceremonies, was met at the Citadel by Commandant J. T. Gillingham, District Officer for Bermuda, who escorted His Worship to the door of the building through a double line of Life-Saving Guards drawn up as a Guard of Honor. The ceremony of re-opening started with the singing of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," followed by a prayer by the Rev. A. S. A. Bishop, Pastor of Christ Presbyterian Church, Warwick Parish.

Commandant Gillingham spoke briefly of the destruction visited upon the Citadel by the hurricane of last October. He mentioned many of

those who had volunteered their assistance, including the Corporation of Hamilton and the Bermuda Mechanics Beneficial Association, both of which had lent meeting-halls to The Salvation Army so that the Corps in Hamilton could declare "business as usual" immediately after the storm. He thanked the Mayor for attending this ceremony, and assured His Worship that his presence gave them a much pleasure. Then he presented the key of the Citadel to the Mayor.

Mayor Bluck said it was a great honor to be present on this occasion. The Salvation Army had had the sympathy of the entire community in their time of trouble, and he assured them that the community would rejoice with them at the re-opening of their Citadel. Then, unlocking the double doors of the Citadel, His Worship said, "In the name of God and of The Salvation Army, I declare this Citadel open for the greater glory of God and the Salvation of sinners."

Led by Mayor Bluck, Commandant Gillingham, the local Corps Band, the Life-Saving Guards, and delegations from the Southampton, Flatts, and St. George's Corps, the assemblage entered the Citadel, passing up the stairs to right and left of the entrance to the meeting-hall on the second floor.

Commandant Gillingham told how the business men of the community had joined forces to help raise the

funds necessary to defray the expense of re-building the Citadel. He voiced the appreciation and gratitude of his fellow-workers for all that had been done for them, and then called upon Mayor Bluck for a few words.

The Mayor congratulated the Hamilton Corps on their successful effort in re-building their Citadel, and complimented them on the splendid appearance of the building, both outside and inside. He spoke for the Corporation and the community as well as himself when he said he had been glad to do whatever he could for the Corps, and would ever be willing to lend a hand when assistance was needed. He concluded with a most complimentary reference to the work of The Salvation Army, a movement which he heartily endorsed.

The Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning,

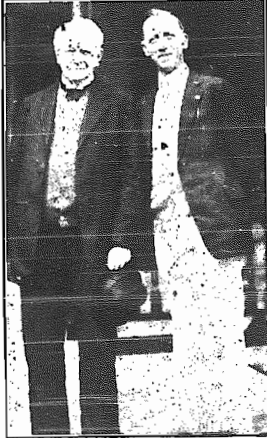
pastor of the Wesley Methodist Church, Hamilton, then read the Bible Lesson. Sergeant-Major Groener, who was called upon, made a most inspiring address and pointed out the hidden blessings in the destruction of the storm. The metal work on the old building had been faulty, he said, and the roof leaked, although the source of the leak could not be found. The leaders of the Corps had long debated what to do to remedy this situation, but could come to no decision. "and then the Lord sent the hurricane and destroyed the faulty structure!" Mr. Groener's optimistic view of the keynote of the evening's spirit of thanksgiving and joy.

Commandant Gillingham then read a message from His Excellency the Governor, General Sir J. J. Asser, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., congratulating the Corps upon its successful campaign for funds, and assuring them of his continued interest and sympathy, and another message from Canon W.J.F. Groves, extending his best wishes to the Corps.

The Rev. A.S.A. Bishop paid high tribute to the Founders of The Salvation Army and to the Movement. It was, in his opinion, "The Army's singleness of purpose which accounted for its remarkable achievements, and contrasted this method with the scattering of energy in drives and social functions which had no part in the mission of the church, yet on which nearly every church squandered its time and strength. The Salvation Army was "the friend of the friendless," he declared, and rendered incalculable service to God in restoring the vilest of the vile and the lowliest of the low to high Christian ideals and worth-while lives.

The Rev. G. W. F. Glendenning congratulated The Salvation Army for the splendid work it was accomplishing, and especially congratulated the Hamilton Corps on the re-building of the Citadel.

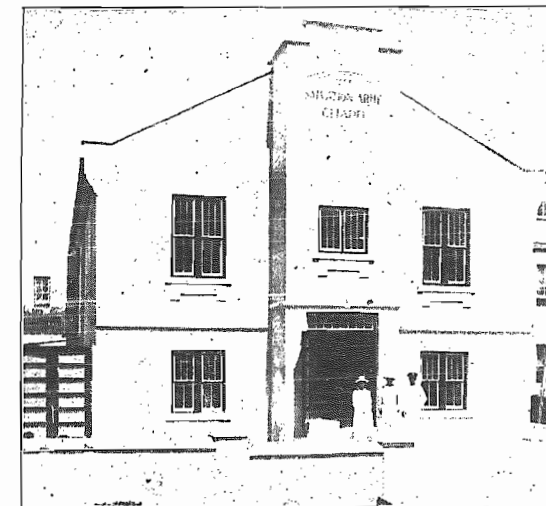
"The Salvation Army is great," he declared. "Is it great because of its parentage?" Commandant Gillingham remarked that all the speakers had spoken of greater things in the future for The Army, and he did not doubt but what the community expected greater achievements. The Army, by virtue of the assistance rendered, now had a greater obligation, and he felt certain that they would not fail to meet the expectations of their fellow-citizens. He thanked by name all who had helped in the work of re-building, and especially thanked the newspapers of Bermuda for their liberal offering of their news columns for the necessary publicity work in connection with the re-building campaign.



(Left): Dr. F. L. Patton, Bermuda's "Grand old man," who was President of Princetown University from 1888 to 1902; and who gave hearty support to the re-building campaign. (Right): Mr. J. J. Asser, President of the Chamber of Commerce, one of the foremost workers in the campaign.



Mayor A. W. Bluck, who presided over the Opening Ceremony of the new Citadel. His Worship was a member of the Citadel Fund Committee.



The fine new Citadel at Hamilton, Bermuda. Standing near the entrance are Commandant and Mrs. Gillingham, the District and Corps Officers, with Lieutenant Charlton (Assistant).





# Newfoundland News

SUB-TERRITORIAL  
COMMANDER

LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE

SPRINGDALE STREET,  
ST. JOHN'S



## UNDER THE COLORS

### Captains Brown and Cave united for Service

A very interesting wedding took place in the No. 1 Citadel, St. John's, on June 23rd, when Captain Brown, of the Salvation Army Inspector of Day Schools for Newfoundland was united in marriage to Captain Cave, of Sub-Territorial Headquarters.

The two young Officers were warmly greeted by a large gathering of friends as they came to the platform. The ceremony was conducted by Major Tilley, and it is rapidly that a wedding in Army circles here has created greater interest.

After the two comrades had declared their vows to each other and to the Army, representative speakers voiced their congratulations and gave expression to their regard for both the bride and groom.

Captain Brown, who came out of Bonaville, has given many years of valuable service to The Salvation Army as an Officer-teacher. His last appointment, before taking up his present work as inspector of schools, was Principal of The Salvation Army College at St. John's. The Captain is the son of a staunch Salvation Army family.

The bride, Captain Cave, is the daughter of former Army Officers well-known in Canadian and Newfoundland circles and has done service both on the Training Staff and for some months on Sub-Territorial Headquarters.

Lieut.-Colonel Moore, who was present, expressed his pleasure at being present on this happy occasion, and wished them a bright and successful future of united service for God and The Army.

Many messages of congratulation were read at the service from various parts of The Army's battlefield, including one from Colonel Cloud, our former Sub-Territorial Commander.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. CHESLEY BROWN, recently married in St. John's.

## WITH THE HOT COFFEE CAR

(Continued from page 6)

soldiers, who heartily appreciated the fact. One remarked that he had been drinking every kind of thing, and we had to sadly admit that the opportunity for "mixed drinks" is a big one here. The hot drink meant something to him at that moment, poor lad. Another American lad was one of the first to enter The Salvation Army Home, Lytton Springs, California, and played a horn in the Boys' Band there.

Coming homewards, as the Sunday dawn was breaking, one rejoiced at the contact made with all these young, vigorous lives, and prayed that in these days of uncertainty and stress, a new Dawn may come in the lives of many of them through the saving knowledge of the Truth.

Don't fail to read  
"THE SINS OF SUMMER RESORTS."  
(It commences on page 3)

## The "Ready for Anything" Cadets GET THEIR CHANCE

SUB-TERRITORIAL COMMANDER CONDUCTS IMPRESSIVE COMMISSIONING SERVICE

THE Commissioning by the Sub-Territorial Commander of the "R. F. A." (Ready for Anything) Session of Cadets on Tuesday, July 5th, was unique in that this was the largest number of Cadets ever commissioned at one time in Newfoundland.

The splendid gathering in the St. John's 1 Citadel, in spite of the extreme heat wave, indicated the interest that the comrades and friends took in this memorable event.

Following some remarks by Lieut.-Colonel Moore relative to the occasion, Adjutant Bishop, the Training Garrison Principal, presented the Cadets to Major Tilley, the General Secretary, as representing the Field, and he, in a few well chosen words, expressed his pleasure in accepting such a talented number of young people for Corps service. The opportunities for service of this kind were fully outlined by the Major, who emphasized the importance and possibilities of the work of the Field Officer in Newfoundland.

Suitable songs were sung by the Cadets and following some brief remarks from Captains Barter and Moulton, the two Side Officers, a d u j a n t Bishop spoke on the importance of the Training operations, and the joy that she had experienced while

helping to mould these young people for service during the ten months they had remained under her supervision. She felt that they were, as their motto stated, "Ready for Anything," and that their service would be an incentive to the Field work throughout the Sub-Territory.

The Cadets were then called to the front in Brigades to receive their commissions from the hands of the Sub-Territorial Commander, much enthusiasm prevailing as the newly-commissioned Officers received their appointments.

The Colonel's charge was very impressive, and one felt as one watched the splendid group of young Officers arise their hands towards the Flag that the spirit of service was predominant in their action.

The service made a deep impression on the large congregation that attended, and made clearly manifest the fact that The Army in Newfoundland means to march on and win the people of the Sea-girt Isle for Christ.

We hope to publish a photograph of the "Ready for Anything" Session of Cadets next week.

## THE GREAT CONGRESS

A full report of the Congress gatherings led by the Commissioner will appear in a special Newfoundland issue next week.

## THE SINS OF SUMMER RESORTS

(Continued from page 3)

you to be struck with lightning some day when you had in your hand one of these paper covered romances—the hero a Parisian "roue," the heroine an unprincipled flirt—chapters in the book that you would not read to your children at the rate of a hundred dollars a line. Throw out all that stuff from your Summer baggage. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel; books of congenial history; books of pure fun; books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engraving; books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life?

My friends, whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering-place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of Salvation. Streams form Lebanon. Water

to drink and water to bathe in. These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away. In California, in five minutes you can walk around ten fountains all bubbling up, and they are all different; and in five minutes you can go through this Bible "parterre" and find fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these Summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. We come to this gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, Heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye," to this watering-place. Crowd around this Bethesda. Oh, you sick, you lame,

## WITHIN THE PEARLY GATES

Captain Gertrude Mercer called Home

Again our ranks in the Dominion have been broken by the passing of our comrade Officer, Captain Gertrude Mercer, who answered the Roll Call on Sunday, June 28th. For some months the Captain had been ill, stricken with meningitis.

The Funeral service, which took place from her home at Bay Roberts, was conducted by Major Tilley.

Several Officers from neighboring Corps were present to pay a last tribute to our promoted comrade. The service at the home was short but impressive. The remains were then taken to the Citadel, where a solemn service was conducted. Following prayer by Adjutant Anthony, of Clarke's Beach, Major Tilley read a Scriptural portion and then called upon Captains Jennings and Brown to speak.

Captain Jennings referred to her first meeting with the late Captain. Training for Officership together, they shared the joys and difficulties of Training Garrison days. It was then that the Captain showed those sterling qualities which gave promise of a useful future. Captain Brown, under whose supervision she had worked as a teacher during the last year, spoke of the efficiency with which she discharged her duties, and the sympathy and love which she showed towards the children under her care. Major Tilley paid tribute to the sterling work which had been accomplished by the Captain as a teacher and Officer in her various appointments. At Humbermouth she labored faithfully until ill-health necessitated her returning home.

On the following Sunday night, the Memorial Service was conducted by Captain and Mrs. Brown. Various comrades, who had known the promoted Officer from childhood, testified to her influence for good. Commandant Simmons told of his visits to the sick room and of the Captain's readiness for the Call.

The address was given by Mrs. Brown, who as Chief Side Officer during the Captain's Training days, had come into close contact with her. In her remarks, the speaker showed the effect of influence upon the lives of others, and said that during the time which she had spent in the Garrison, the late Officer's life was one of continual spiritual development and progress, and was indeed a preparation for the dawning of the perfect day, which for her had come so quickly.

you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda. Step in it, Oh, step in it: The angel of the covenant stirs the water. Plunge clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as swift as with Captain Nauman, who, hithered and embowered, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate, complexioned as the flesh of a little child.



The late CAPTAIN GERTRUDE MERCER.



# The Realm of Home



## AN UNFAILING CURE

Few were surprised when little Mrs. Graham became a nervous wreck. Hers had been a life of strain and stress. "Into each life some rain must fall," but Mrs. Graham had much rain and little sunshine. Eventually her strength gave way under the strain and she became an invalid.

None who knew her was surprised. But folks were more than surprised when, a few months later, Mrs. Graham tackled her daily tasks with an infectious cheerfulness.

Had those wondering folk attended a Home League meeting held in The Army Hall they would have had an idea what had worked such a change in the nervous wreck. At that meeting Mrs. Graham told the members that in her extremity she had prayed and her prayer had been answered.

"I was just desperate," she said, "and even wished I could pass out. Then the thought came to me, why not call on God to soothe my jangled nerves? I did. What happened? Well, I don't really know, except that I fell asleep and must have slept for an hour. When I awoke the birds were singing, the soft breeze was gently fanning my face and the words of a chorus were running through my mind:

"Jesus came with peace to me,  
His strong arms were stretched to me,  
And my burden took from me—  
My Saviour!"

From that moment perfect peace has filled my soul and somehow my nerves do not jangle any more."

## A THOUGHT—OR TWO

### For Holiday-Makers

If we keep the line of conduct straight we need have no fear of the critic.

There are moments when a hand-grasp speaks more eloquently than words.

The true worth of a good example is the manner in which we are following it when "all is memory."

If some used their hands as actively as they used their tongues they would soon master self-discontent.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end dare to do our duty, as we understand it.

## Salvation is Good for Business

Simple elements provided an interesting story in the German capital, recently. A pastry-cook's shop changed hands. The owner, a Salvationist, said to his wife:

"A Salvationist should not spend his life making money. We have saved enough to provide for our old age, let us sell our business and devote our time to God's work."

It was agreed. And a purchaser was quickly found.

There hung upon the wall in the shop, facing the door by which the customers entered, a long panel poster picture of the General. But when the change of ownership was effected the picture came down.

Next morning it was noticed by the new proprietor that customers would open the door, look up, appear puzzled, exclaim, "I'm sorry, I've come to the wrong shop!" and retire. To one such person he said:

"Why do you withdraw?"  
"Just as I say," came the response. "I have come to the wrong shop!"

"Have you thought?" said the baker. "I have taken over the business of Herr So-and-So!"

"Then where is the picture of the

good General, whom Herr So-and-So loved?"

"Ah, he was a Salvationist, and I am not; and so the picture came down!" But the customer retired, all the same, and trade fell steadily.

Fearing to allow the new owner sent for the Salvationist, and explained that he could not make a living by the business. Thereupon our comrade agreed to take over the shop once again, saying:

"This must be God's will!" Now the business flourishes once more, and the influence of the Salvationist Local Officer and his wife spreads throughout this district where, in spite of the extreme views which are entertained by many of the people living there, the utmost respect is held for The Army's General and his faithful followers.

## THE GARDEN OF LIFE

Life is a garden,  
Each moment a bud;  
The years come laden  
With sunshine and flood.  
God made the garden,  
And God made the bud;  
God sends the sunshine,  
And God sends the flood.  
Earth is near Heaven,  
So near it, that God,  
Walks in life's garden,  
And hallows earth's sod:  
Each bud He watches  
With infinite care,  
He alone knowing  
The treasure that's there;  
Heaven sends angels  
To guard it from blight,  
Round are love wings  
In day or in night;  
Riches of beauty  
Are wrapped in its heart  
To make life's garden  
God's acme of art.  
None tho' will open  
To yield its rich store—  
The gold with more ease  
Is got from the ore—  
Unless each moment  
God fashioned above  
Is touched by our faith  
And sunned by our love.  
All its rich petals  
Faith opens with ease;  
Love wins its fragrance  
As salts catch the breeze—  
Faith that drinks deeply  
From Fountains of Life,  
And grows but stronger  
In all noble strife—  
Love that is Christlike  
Purer than the snow,  
Cleansed in the streams that  
From Calvary's flow  
Thus grows life's garden  
In spite of all care,  
Richer and richer  
With every new year.  
William Hay.

## POVERTY

Poverty in any shape helps to stir in man a sense of need, a disposition to consider himself as dependent. . . . The real puzzle of life consists not in the fact of widespread poverty but that so many are sufficiently endowed with "goods" as to believe they can live by them, and so cease to look to their Heavenly Father.

## DISHES THAT DELIGHT

### Bean Porridge

Boil about two pounds of shin-bone for stock. After boiling take out bones and most of fat. Soak a cup of beans overnight. Add the beans and a cup of boiled corn to the stock, salt to taste and boil for not less than four hours. Add one-half cup of Indian meal, moistened in cold water, and cook for another half-hour.

### Salt Pork Stew

Slice three large carrots and three medium-sized onions, cover with water and cook for ninety minutes. Thirty minutes after putting them on the fire slice two ounces of salt pork, fry in iron fry-pan until slices are crisp and brown. Add five tablespoons of the fat, and also the pork to the vegetables. Add six cubed potatoes and about two quarts of boiling water. Twenty minutes before the stew is to be eaten, add dumplings, which make as follows: Sift one teaspoon of baking-powder with one pint of flour. Work in one teaspoon of shortening. Add milk until mixture will just drop from a spoon. Drop dumplings on top of boiling stew and cover closely. Cook twenty minutes and serve immediately.

### Gingerbread

Melt one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses and one cup of shortening in one cup of hot water. Sift two teaspoons of soda and two of ginger with one cup of flour and add to the mixture. Stir in 250 ml. water mixture is stiff. Roll dough to one-half thickness, cut to desired size and sprinkle with granulated sugar. Bake in moderate oven until a golden-brown color shows.

## HOUSEHOLD WISDOM

### Keep Flour Dry

Always keep the flour bin in a warm, dry place. Damp flour will never make light pastry or cakes.

### Creamy Potatoes

If mashing potatoes, be sure the milk used is hot. Cold or lukewarm milk will make the potatoes heavy and pasty.

### Keeps Silver Bright

If silver is stored in a box or tin filled with powdered starch it will be quite bright when taken out.

# THE TRADE DEPARTMENT

## BAND AND BANDSMEN'S SUPPLIES:

Instruments, in Brass, or Silver Plated.  
Instrument Cases.  
Instrument Carrying Straps.  
Lyres, brass or plated.  
Mouthpieces.  
Drums, Bass or Side.  
Drum Straps.  
Drum Ropes.  
Drum Lugs.

Drum Heads.  
Music. All Salvation Army Publications.  
Music Covers.  
Music Pouches.  
Pouch Straps, 2 in. and 2½ in., white webb, nickel-plated fittings, \$1.10 and \$1.50 each.  
Tutors for all Instruments, 50c. each.  
Uniforms, Band Trim, made to measure.  
Uniform Band Caps, \$2.85 and \$4.00 each, post paid.

Now is a good time to place your order. Write for prices and full particulars of the above to

**THE TRADE SECRETARY - - - 20 Albert Street, TORONTO 2, Ont.**



The Salvation Army will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, befriend, and as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. One dollar should, where possible, be sent with each enquiry, to help defray expenses.

Please communicate with Lieut. Colonel DasBryley, Salvation Army, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, regarding the aforementioned persons.  
**PATTERSON, Mrs. Johanna K.** (nee Laursen)—Born in Vejle, Denmark, June 9th, 1874. Been in Canada some years. Last heard of in 1923, when she was in the Friends enquiring.  
**McKEOWN, Christian—Age 34;** height 5 ft. 5 in.; red hair, grey eyes, sandy complexion. Domestic help. Came to Canada from Belfast about 16 years ago. Should this meet the eye, daughter enquire.

**BRITTAIN, Grace and Mary**—Left Scotland for Canada about 27 years ago. At one time in a home in Scotland, and sent to Canada without consent of mother. Mother anxious.  
**BULPIN, Elizabeth—Age 33;** height 5 ft. 4 in.; fair hair; blue eyes; pale complexion. Native of Norfolk. Last heard of in Halifax, N.S. Mother in ill, and anxious to hear from her daughter.

**LEIGH, Mrs. Robert (Annie)—Married;** two children; dark complexion; born in England; mole on right cheek bone. Missing since 1903.  
**MELON, Mrs.—** Came to Canada about 27 years ago, and was in Dr. Barnardo's Home. Husband is a tailor. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Sister anxious for news. 18624

Address, Colonel W. Morehen, James and Albert Streets, Toronto 2, marking "Enquiry" on the envelope.  
**ANDREWS, Joseph—Age 32 years;** height 5 ft. 9 in.; medium build, grey hair, ruddy complexion, grey eyes, clean shaven, Roman nose, false teeth, points forefinger of right hand when talking. Any news will be gratefully received. L18399

**GOLDSMITH, Thomas—Age about 50** to 60, tall, fair hair, native of London, England. When last heard of was staying at Queens' Hotel. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. 16295

## We Are Looking For You

**POWERS, Earl Allen—Age 32 years;** height 5 ft. 10 in.; red hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. When last heard of, was living in Port Hope. Should this meet the eye, please communicate with Colonel Morehen, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, 2.

**McCONNELL, Wesley Ernest—Age 57 years;** height 5 ft. 7 in.; weight 125 lbs.; hair turning grey; black eyes; dark complexion. Is a commercial salesman. Should this meet the eye, please communicate. Brother anxious for news. 16541  
**STONE, William—** Anyone knowing the present whereabouts of this man, kindly communicate. Sister in the Old Country anxious to hear from him. He is age 43 years; height 5 ft. 2 in.; black hair; black eyes. When last heard of, he was living on Yonge Street, Toronto. 16516

## COMING EVENTS

**BRIGADIER BURROWS:** Guelph, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.  
**BRIGADIER BURTON:** Forest, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.  
**MAJOR OWEN:** Whitney Pier, Sat.-Sun., July 30-31.  
**MAJOR RITCHIE:** Halifax, 1. Thurs., July 23; Shubenacadie, Sun., July 31.  
**STAR-CAPTAIN RITCHIE:** Todmorden, Sun., July 31.

## OCEAN TRAVEL

Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Salvation Army intending to go to Europe, will find it desirable to their advantage to book passage with The Salvation Army Immigration Department. Address your communications to—**THE RESIDENT SECRETARY,** 1221 University St., Montreal, or to **THE SECRETARY,** 10 Albert Street, Toronto 2, 385 Ontario St., London, Ont. 101 Blythe St., Brighton, N.D. 141 Beckwith Street, Smith's Falls, Ont. 808 Dundas St., Woodstock, Ont.

# Are Holidays Good For Us?

## Why We Laughed—The Psychology of it—Smiles Better than Frowns—Keeping the Trenches—Superabundant Energy Up North—A Word to Resters

**S**TRANGE, how we sometimes laugh when we properly ought to cry! Yes, and cry when we ought to laugh!

A case in point. I was making the usual weekly enquiry of a certain gentleman in the Publisher's office—who (inter alia) keeps the records and charts and things—as to whether there were any increases in WAR CRY sales to chronicle this week.

His face immediately lit up with

### A Seraphic Smile

which seemed to say, "All's right with everything," and which seemed

weeping copious tears.

"Holidays, eh?" I said. "Guess so," he answered. And we nodded in an understanding sort of way and went chuckling on our respective ways.

Well, better laugh than moan, better smile than groan.

We've had a good deal to smile about, when you think of it. The way those boomers have kept at it during these past work weeks! Enough to make

### A Man with Lumbago

Yes, of course, holidays are re-

But are holidays necessary to boomers? Let me win your undying allegiance to my cause by answering: "Yes, they are!"

Think, non-booming reader, of the boomers' labors during the round of the year; think of it! Think of the etc., etc. on that line—and you will join me in shouting:

"Yes, they are!"

Many boomers are already away. Hence the "No increase" news this week. I suppose we ought, under the circumstances, to reckon we are doing well by keeping the trenches we have gained, even if we cannot advance for a short space while we are recuperating from our exhausting exertions.

But a rate has this minute reached me telling me that after all there is one "frisky" comrade with superabundant energy who cannot remain in the trenches and has gone over the top with the cry, "Ten up." Good for Kirkland Lake. Do it again, Captain Beeston. She writes: "We haven't enough to supply all our customers." That's the news.

So let us keep smiling, and we who are at the lakeside, the seaside, the countryside, the mountainside, or even the home fireside, let us accumulate stores of energy and health for the weeks of activity which lie before us when we shall go over the top again.

So here goes for a good holiday. —S.K.I. Rockit.

P.S. A suggestion is put to me that it would be a splendid thing if our boomers picked a bundle of WAR CRYs in their holiday grip. It would, if they would. But would they? Anyway, I pass on the suggestion.—S. R.

## OUR PLAN OF CAMPAIGN

**CHAMPION—Montreal I ..... 1,100**  
**RUNNER-UP—Halifax I ..... 850**

### GO-GETTERS

HAMILTON IV .....	650	SAINT JOHN I (N.B.) .....	385
RIVERDALE .....	600	ST. THOMAS .....	325
OTTAWA I .....	550	HAMILTON III .....	315
HAMILTON I .....	550	SHERBROOKE .....	315
MUNCTON .....	525	KITCHENER .....	305
TIMMINS .....	500	LIPPINCOTT .....	300
WINDSOR .....	450	SARNIA .....	300
YORKVILLE .....	415	BRANTFORD .....	200
KINGSTON .....	400		

### DARE-ALLS

OSHAWA .....	300	ST. STEPHEN .....	225
POR COLBORNE .....	290	ST. GEORGES (Bermuda) .....	225
HALIFAX II .....	285	PETERBORO .....	220
WALKERVILLE .....	275	WOODSTOCK (ONT.) .....	210
FREDERICTON .....	265	OTTAWA III .....	210
NIAGARA FALLS .....	265	STONEY MOUNT .....	210
HAMILTON (Bermuda) .....	262	WEST TORONTO .....	200
KITCHENER .....	260	SAULT STE. MARIE I .....	200
HAMILTON II .....	260	MONTREAL VI .....	200
SYDNEY .....	260	DANFORTH .....	200
ORILLIA .....	260	CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I. .....	200
MONTREAL II .....	260	YARMOUTH .....	200
ST. CATHARINES .....	236	SAINT JOHN II (N.B.) .....	200
EARLS COURT .....	225	CHATHAM (ONT.) .....	200
SAINT JOHN I .....	225	WINDSOR III .....	200
NEW GLASGOW .....	225	SAINT JOHN II (N.B.) .....	200
GALT .....	225	BRIDGEBURG .....	200
GLACE BAY .....	225	NORTH BAY .....	200

### HAPPY HUSTLERS

DARTMOUTH .....	200	ROWNTREE .....	155
LISGAR STREET .....	180	COBOURG .....	155
PARLIAMENT STREET .....	180	ROCKVILLE .....	150
BEDEVILLE .....	180	OTTAWA IV .....	150
OWEN SOUND .....	180	WALLACEBURG .....	150
MONTREAL IX .....	175	GRAND FALLS (Nfld.) .....	150
CAMBRIDGE .....	170	LEAMINGTON .....	150
WHITNEY PIER .....	170	WOODSTOCK N.E. .....	150
GUELPH .....	170	SPRINGHILL MINES .....	150
FICTON .....	160	MONTREAL IV .....	150
SAINT JOHN II .....	160	NEWCASTLE .....	150
NEW WATERFORD .....	155	WELLAND .....	150
CORNWALL .....	155		
EAST TORONTO .....	155		

to promise great and good things. My own responsive countenance caught the smile and I grinned alone from ear to ear and waited expectantly.

I judge my astonishment, therefore, when instead of replying: "increases? Yes! Ten Corps have doubled their orders," he said bluntly: "None this week!" And his smile developed into a positive laugh. And I laughed with him.

Now to study

### The Psychology of this

inappropriate conduct would surely prove fascinating. Was my laughter of the same brand as that of the person who slips on a banana skin? Or was it akin to that of the khaki lad who smiles when he has to face the same canned meat day after day? Or was it a kind of laugh to keep one's courage up. Like the boy who whistles when he's afraid?

Anyway, we smiled and laughed about it when we ought to have been

suspense for the temporary cessation of the soaring business. Which brings up the hardy annual question: "Are holidays necessary? Some say 'Yes'; some say 'No.' But I say—personally speaking, so far as I myself am concerned, and no farther, speaking for myself, that is—they are necessary. Very!"

Just think of turning out these notes every week for one thing! Don't my hand ache—my brain ache—my whole being ache with the task.

I've just been looking through a few of my recent Circulation notes—which, by the way, cause me to entirely

### Agree with the Scientists

who dilate on the marvellous possibilities of the human brain—and I realize I really need a rest.

You all, I am sure, will agree with me: all of you will be glad for me to get it. (I don't mean what you mean). So I am off next week.

## "THEIR WORKS DO FOLLOW THEM"

When preparing your Will, please remember the great needs of The Salvation Army, and so enable its beneficent Mission of Mercy to continue when you have passed away.

### FORM OF WILL AND BEQUEST:

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto the Governing Council of The Salvation Army, Canada East Territory, the sum of \$..... (or my property, known as No..... in the City or Town of..... to be used and applied by them at their discretion for the general purposes of The Salvation Army in the said Territory." OR,

"I bequeath to General William Brewster Booth, or other the General for the time being of The Salvation Army, the sum of \$..... to be used and applied by him at his discretion for the general purposes of the work of The Salvation Army in foreign lands, the receipt of which said William Brewster Booth, or other the General for the time being aforesaid, is to be sufficient discharge by my Trustees for the said sum."

If the Testator desires the fund or the proceeds of sale of property used in certain work, then add the following clause: "For use in (Rescue or other) work carried on by The Salvation Army."

For further information apply to

to **LIEUT.-COMMISSIONER MAXWELL,** 20 Albert Street, Toronto 2.

# THE SINS OF SUMMER RESORTS.

(See page 3)

# THE WARREN

Official Gazette of

THE SALVATION ARMY in CANADA EAST, NEWFOUNDLAND and BERMUDA

## THREE OFFICERS IN SHANGHAI.

(See page 6)

No. 2233 Price Five Cents.

TORONTO 2, JULY 30th, 1927

WILLIAM MAXWELL, Lieut.-Commissioner.

### Riverdale Band at Bracebridge

For the three days of the Diamond Jubilee of Confederation Celebration, this Corps and town were greatly favored, by the visit of the Riverdale (Toronto) Band, under Bandmaster J. Wood. Accompanied by Major Calvert, a Bracebridge "old boy," the Bandmen left Toronto on T.T.C. buses, Thursday evening, June 30th, arriving at their destination at 10 o'clock Friday morning. This was considerably behind the time scheduled for the town's reception, but Major Thomas and other members of the committee, with a few hundred citizens awaited the Band's arrival and tendered a most hearty welcome at even this unusual hour. Nor were they satisfied until the weary Bandmen had treated them to a rousing Salvation Army march, thus arousing the sleeping inhabitants, who, however, seemed in no sense displeased. This is explainable, perhaps, when it is known that Bracebridge, to the knowledge of residents, has never before had a Band of this calibre parade its streets.

The Band's busy and arduous series of meetings began by the playing of several marches and selections on the main street. Space will not permit writing all we would like regarding the various programs rendered, but it is sufficient to say that the music rendered was fully appreciated by officials of the town, the committee, and citizens in general, as evidenced during the last engagement in Memorial Park on Sunday evening.

Mention should be made of Captain and Mrs. Cornthwaite and the members of the local Corps, who did everything possible to make the visitors comfortable and further the Band's efforts. The local Corps also has a Band of its own, this organization having been formed during the stay of Captain and Mrs. Cornthwaite. The Band, with the visiting combination, took its place in the Jubilee parade on Dominion Day, and rendered good service.

Major Cameron, the Divisional Commander, was "on the job," and his Holiness address on Sunday morning was uplifting.

### Chatham Band visits Forest City

Chatham Citadel Band, under Bandmaster G. Dunkley, visited London Hill Corps for Saturday and Sunday, July 2nd and 3rd, and a victorious campaign was conducted.

The first engagement of the Band was an act of mercy—playing at the Westminster Hospital to about two hundred men, when on their way into London and further afternoon. Arriving at the Citadel, a welcome tea awaited the visitors. Saturday afternoon was devoted to outdoor activities, and a number of Open-Airs were held and marches engaged in which attracted hundreds of people.

Staff-Captain Sparks, who had just returned from the International Young People's Staff Conference, conducted the Sunday morning Holiness meeting, when a good crowd flocked to the Citadel.

Bank of the Bank, in the afternoon, a grand Musical Festival in the afternoon, when our good friend, Mr. A. E. Silverwood, presided. The program was an up-to-date program of choice music, one of the outstanding features being the concert solo by Deputy Bandmaster L. Jarvis—"I love Him better every day." It was carefully estimated that a thousand people thronged the Park for this event.

A good Salvation meeting was conducted at night in the Citadel, by Adjutant and Mrs. A. E. Silverwood. It was full, and the official order of service for the marking of the Jubilee of Confederation was given. The choice selections of music were given by the Band, and a stirring testimony from Bandmaster G. Dunkley, a young Salvation warrior, in the person of Corps Sergeant-Major Chittenden, also spoke, making further reference to the farewell of Adjutant and Mrs. Martin from London Hill, and of the happy relationships of the past year. The meeting closed with a warm Salvation address from the Adjutant.

At 8:30 p.m. the Band rendered another choice program in Victoria Park, to a large crowd of people. We were joined at the authorizing by many comrades from the three other city Corps. It was a happy climax to a victorious Jubilee, and the high state of efficiency revealed by the playing of his Band and the splendid deportment of the men.

Commandant H. Hurd, of the Subscribers' Department, gave a most interesting address during the campaign, which was appreciated.

## The Cross is The Attraction

### "I, if I be lifted up, .... will draw all men unto Me"

**PARTINGTON AVENUE**  
Ensigns Hickling and Richardson  
Welcome meetings to our Officers were beneficial. We are glad to find our new leaders filled with the real Salvation Army spirit, and are full of faith that great things will be accomplished under their direction.

**SUMMERSIDE**  
Lieutenants Beech and Hollingsworth  
We have welcomed our new Officers, and pray as they labor in the work which God has laid out for them, that Westward shall accompany their endeavors, and souls shall be brought to see the need of Salvation.



Nurse Graduates of "Bethesda" Maternity Hospital, London, Ont., photographed with Adjutant Leila Wigle, the Superintendent (in centre). Names (top row, reading from left): Nurses Florence Sharpe, Lillian Poole, and Vina Mossey; (in front, left): Nurse Clara Parker; (right): Nurse Clara Andrew.

### NEWMARKET

Captain and Mrs. E. Clarke  
We have welcomed into our midst Captain and Mrs. Clarke, and are looking forward to a useful and progressive period with them. On Sunday, July 17th, we welcomed one prodigal home to the Fold, and the day's night resulted in spiritual stimulus to each comrade.

### SCARLETT PLAINS

Captain Smith, Lieutenant Harrington  
We are glad to report victory for our Corps during the week-end, July 28th and 29th. Our meetings were well attended all day. At night we had the joy of seeing two seekers kneel at the Cross and find Salvation. The Open-Airs during the day are worthy of mention. They were full of blessing and inspiration, and a record in attendance.

### ROWNTREE

Captain J. and Lieutenant A. Clarke  
This progressive little Corps surely has an all-active Home League. On June 23rd we held our Home League Sale. The stalls were daintily decorated and quite a brisk business was done in summer clothing, and home-cooking, while the bran-tub, with Sister Muri in charge, kept the little folk both busy and happy. The Sale was opened by Mrs. Brigadier Taylor, and a nice sum was realized. On June 25th we held our annual picnic, and enjoyed a trip to Centre Island. About twenty-five adults and quite a number of children participated in the afternoon's enjoyment. Secretary Mrs. Baker and Treasurer White are to be commended for the superb arrangements. Sister Mrs. Johnson.

## THE FIELD SECRETARY

### Campaigns at Fenelon Falls and Chapleau

Colonel Taylor, accompanied by Brigadier Bloss, visited Fenelon Falls on July 9th and 10th—the Corps at which he was stationed as a young Officer forty-one years ago.

On Saturday evening a splendid crowd listened to the Open-Air. It will be understood that there was something to listen to! This initial event put local comrades and specials in fine fettle for Sunday's battling, which resulted in a God-glorifying day of rejoicing.

The Holiness meeting, in which the necessity of Holiness was stressed; in the Company Meeting where Brigadier Bloss interestingly reviewed the lesson, and the Colonel spoke; and in the final meeting at night, the presence of God was unmistakable. In this meeting the Colonel mentioned that there were

seven active Soldiers still on the Roll that were Soldiers forty-one years ago. A unique duet was rendered during the service by Corps Sergeant-Major Brokenshire and Corps Cadet Guardian Mrs. Palmer, who were numbered among the seven oldest Soldiers mentioned by the Colonel. Succeeding the meeting was a good Open-Air, when an immense crowd gathered and exhibited keen interest in the renditions of the Band, which is temporarily under the leadership of a flourishing Officer from the States, Adjutant Barker, and in the sure and certain truths proclaimed by the comrades. The following Sunday the Field Secretary visited and cheered the comrades at Chapleau where Captain Jensen and Lieutenant Pedersen are in charge. Good attendances were recorded and in the night meeting three souls were saved.

### 12 Seekers at Memorial Service

#### MOUNT DENNIS

Captain and Mrs. Evenden  
On July 10th, a Memorial meeting was conducted by Captain Calvert, for the late Sister Mrs. Florence Tothill, who recently passed away after a short illness. Our comrade, being converted as a Junior, at Cardiff It, grew up in the Army, and held the positions of Songster and Company Quartermaster. Canada nearly 16 years ago, she, with the rest of the family, linked up at West Toronto Corps, and served God faithfully for a number of years there. For the past two years she had been a Soldier of Mount Dennis. Reference was made to her godly life and influence while at West Toronto, by Bandmaster T. Ellis. Sister Mrs. Gorse, mother of our comrade, then spoke of her triumphant passing; how she prayed for those she was leaving behind, and sang, "I will carry me through." The Songsters sang one of her favorite songs, "Flux of Agony," and her Company of Juniors sang, "I have a Home that is fairer than sang." Captain Calvert made a stirring appeal, and followed the example of Sister Mrs. Tothill, and when she was accustomed to use was draped with the "Army" Flag, a white ribbon being brought forward and placed at the point of the tent-form. We greatly rejoiced when, in the Prayer meeting, nine seekers came forward, including a married couple, who reside next door to the home of our late comrade. The Benediction was pronounced, but before we left the Hall two others knelt where they were and claimed forgiveness. When the life-giving Spirit came God another re-entered the Hall who had been dead with, and gave her heart to God, making two for the night. Hallelujah! Our prayers and sympathies are extended to Bandmaster George Tothill and the three motherlies children.

### COLLINGWOOD

Captain and Mrs. E. Powell  
On Tuesday evening we had our farewell meeting for Ensigns Johnson and Thornton. In the farewell we were pleased to have the company of Captain and Mrs. Dickinson and Secretary and Mrs. Part of Barrie, with Captain Ivy and Mrs. Part of Barrie, and a pleasant time, and after the tea had a spiritual meeting, winding up by all joining hands while singing a chorale and chorus. On Thursday, July 7th, we welcomed our new Officers, Captain and Mrs. Powell, who, believe, have been sent by God—Sec.

### CAMP-FIRE CHAT

Staff-Captain Spooner breathes freely. The "Life-Giving Spirit" came God concluded! Upon the fair shoulders of Adjutant Ellery the mantle of responsibility has fallen. The Guards have captured the campus.

"I have never known a Camping period in which good humor, good fellowship and excellent deportment were in such splendid evidence as in the 1927. We have had a Scoutmaster, Scoutmaster, Scouts, pat yourselves on the back!"

"Honesty is a Scout's policy." If the aphorism may be altered slightly, it was constantly thus with the Jackson's Scouts. Twenty coins and bills were taken by the boys in a hazy and returned to the "Big Chief" to await their owners' claim. The owners weren't long "stalking" their claims!

The victor's palm goes to Leader Pierce and his "braves," from North Toronto. Their was the largest Troop in Camp.

The "long and short" of the Camp were Scout Crumney of Toronto Temple, and "Pee-wee" (Stunt Edward Lee, of Brock Avenue). The former is nearly a "big-footer," "Pee-wee" comes up to Crumney's waist.

Both boys reason distinction for more than mere stature—lack of it. "Pee-wee" came "first" in the bread and jam eating contest; Crumney walked off with several prizes for his athletic prowess.

That was an odd collection plate in use during the meetings on Sunday, fashioned from birch-bark and Indian grass. The Scouts are adepts at this sort of work.

What saith the genial Territorial Youthful Secretary concerning the Camp? "Excellent! not a murmur or complaint; everybody happy."